

# AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE.

HOWARD, AINSLEE & CO., PUBLISHERS.

238 William Street, N. Y.

P. O. Box 1075.

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5 CENTS per Copy Vol. I. No. 1. By Yearly Subscription, 50 cents.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT NEW YORK P. O., N. Y.

## CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1898.

			PAGE.
THE CAPTURE OF LUSIGNY.	Short Story.	STANLEY J WEYMAN.	3
	<i>Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.</i>		
LOVE'S WAY.	Sonnet.	THEODOSIA PICKERING.	9
	<i>Illustrated by Marmaduke Russell.</i>		
THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE SULTAN.	Sketch.	ANNETTA HALLIDAY-ANTONA.	10
	<i>With Illustrations From Special Photographs.</i>		
THE QUEST OF LADY MARY.	Short Story.	ANTHONY HOPE.	17
	<i>Illustrated by Marston.</i>		
MY VALENTINE.	Verses.	TOM HALL.	21
"LIFE IS NOT A ROMANCE." An Appreciation of Daudet, with Photograph.		RICHARD DUFFY.	24
THE BOLDINI PORTRAITS.	Critique.	THE ROAMER.	27
	<i>With Illustrations from Special Photographs.</i>		
THE TALE OF A TYPEWRITER.		WILL S. GIDLEY.	31
THE MORAVIAN MOTHER.	Short Story.	RALPH GRAHAM TABER.	32
	<i>Illustrated by Sydney Adamson</i>		
THE BALLADE OF AWAKENING.		HAROLD MACGRATH.	39
THE CHEST OF GOLD.	Short Story.	WILFRID GALT.	40
THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.	Sketch.	C. B. CLINDINST.	48
	<i>With Illustrations from Special Photographs.</i>		
A MOTHER'S MURMUR.	Verses.	W. J. LAMPTON.	52
SUBMARINE NAVIGATION ACCOMPLISHED.	Sketch.	E. S. BISBEE.	54
	<i>With Illustrations from Special Photographs.</i>		
VALENTINE'S DAY.	Verses.	THE LOVER.	57
THE PRIMA DONNA OF ARGEUEC.	Short Story.	PHILIP MARTIN.	58
GWENDOLIN'S WISH.	Verses.	BERTRAM A. MARBURGH.	61
CHILDREN WHO POSE.	Sketch.	THE SPINSTER.	64
	<i>With Illustrations from Special Photographs.</i>		
WHAT HAPPENED AT THE INN.	Short Story.	EDMUND YARROW.	70
LOVE.	Verses.	THE SCOOPER.	74

### THE STAGE.

"IAN MACLAREN DRAMATIZED"; JULIA MARLOWE; CHARLES COGHLAN; MARY } ARISTARCH. 75-89  
MANNERING; JAMES A. HERNE; MAY IRWIN; WILLIAM TERRISS.

*Illustrated with Special Photographs.*

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*"The Lanthenons had never been wanting to their word," the young nobleman answered, stung into sudden haughtiness.*

—THE CAPTURE OF LUSIGNY.

## THE CAPTURE OF LUSIGNY.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

*Author of "Under the Red Robe," "A Gentleman of France," etc., etc.*

**I**N THE days when Henry IV. of France was King of Navarre, only, and in that little kingdom of hills and woods which occupies the southwest corner of the larger country, was with difficulty supporting the Huguenot cause against the French court and the Catholic League—in the days when every isolated castle, from the Garonne to the Pyrenees, was a bone of contention between the young king and the crafty queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, a conference between these notable personages took place in the picturesque town of La Reole.

La Reole still rises gray, time-worn, and half-ruined on a lofty cliff above the broad green waters of the Garonne, forty odd miles from Bordeaux. But it is a small place now. In the days of which we are speaking, however, it was important, strongly fortified, and guarded by a castle which looked down on a thousand red-tiled roofs, rising in terraces from the river. As the meeting-place of the two sovereigns it was for the time as gay as Paris itself, Catherine having brought with her a bevy of fair maids of honor, in the effect of whose charms she perhaps put as much trust as in her own diplomacy. But the peaceful appearance of the town was delusive, for even while every other house in it rang with music and silvery laughter, each party was ready to fly to arms without warning, if it saw that any advantage was to be gained thereby.

On an evening shortly before the end of the conference two men sat at play in a room, the deep-embrowned window of which looked down for a considerable height upon the river. The hour was late, and the town silent. Outside, the moonlight fell bright and pure on sleeping fields and long, straight lines of poplars.

Within the room a silver lamp suspended from the ceiling threw light upon the table, leaving the farther parts of the room in shadow. The walls were hung with faded tapestry. On the low bedstead in one corner lay a handsome cloak, a sword, and one of the clumsy pistols of the period. Across a chair lay another cloak and sword, and on the window seat, beside a pair of saddlebags, were strewn half a dozen such trifles as soldiers carried from camp to camp—a silver comfit-box, a jewelled dagger, a mask and velvet cap.

The faces of the players, as they bent over the dice, were in shadow. One—a slight, dark man, of middle height, with a weak chin, and a mouth as weak, but shaded by a dark mustache—seemed from the occasional oaths which he let drop, to be losing heavily. Yet his opponent, a stouter and darker man, with a sword-cut across his left temple, and that swaggering air which has at all times marked the professional soldier, showed no signs of triumph or elation. On the contrary, though he kept silence, or spoke only a formal word or two, there was a gleam of anxiety and suppressed excitement in his eyes, and more than once he looked keenly at his companion, as if to judge of his feelings or learn whether the time had come for some experiment which he meditated. But for this, an observer looking in through the window would have taken the two for only one more instance of the hawk and pigeon.

At last the younger player threw down the caster with a groan.

"You have the luck of the Evil One," he said, bitterly. "How much is that?"

"Two thousand crowns," replied the other without emotion. "You will play no more?"

"No! I wish to Heaven I had never played at all!" was the answer. As he spoke, the loser rose, and going to the window stood looking moodily out.

For a few moments the elder man remained seated, gazing at him furtively, but at length he too arose, and, stepping softly to his companion, touched him on the shoulder. "Your pardon a moment, M. le Vicomte," he said. "Am I right in concluding that the loss of this sum will inconvenience you?"

"A thousand fiends!" exclaimed the young vicomte, turning on him wrathfully. "Is there any man whom the loss of two thousand crowns would not inconvenience? As for me——"

"For you," continued the other, smoothly filling up the pause, "shall I be wrong in saying that it means something like ruin?"

"Well, sir, and if it does?" the young man retorted, drawing himself up haughtily, his cheek a shade paler with passion. "Depend upon it you shall be paid. Do not be afraid of that!"

"Gently, gently, my friend," the winner answered, his patience in strong contrast with the other's violence. "I had no intention of insulting you, believe me. Those who play with the Vicomte de Lanthelon are not wont to doubt his honor. I spoke only in your own interests. It has occurred to me, vicomte, that the matter might be arranged at less cost to yourself."

"How?" was the curt question.

"May I speak freely?" The vicomte shrugged his shoulders, and the other, taking silence for consent, proceeded: "You, vicomte, are Governor of Lusigny for the King of Navarre; I, of Creance, for the King of France. Our towns lie only three leagues apart. Could I, by any chance, say on one of these fine nights, become master of Lusigny, it would be worth more than two thousand crowns to me. Do you understand?"

"No," the young man answered slowly, "I do not."

"Think over what I have said, then," was the brief answer.

For a full minute there was silence in the room. The vicomte gazed out of the window with knitted brows and compressed lips, while his companion, sitting

down, leaned back in his chair, with an air of affected carelessness. Outside, the rattle of arms and hum of voices told that the watch were passing through the street. The church bell struck one. Suddenly the vicomte burst into a hoarse laugh, and, turning, snatched up his cloak and sword. "The trap was very well laid, M. le Capitaine," he said, almost jovially; "but I am still sober enough to take care of myself—and of Lusigny. I wish you good-night. You shall have your money, never fear."

"Still, I am afraid it will cost you dearly," the Captain answered, as he rose and moved toward the door to open it for his guest. His hand was already on the latch, when he paused. "Look here," he said, "what do you say to this, then? I will stake the two thousand crowns you have lost to me, and another thousand besides against your town. Fool! no one can hear us. If you win, you go off a free man with my thousand. If you lose, you put me in possession one of these fine nights. What do you say to that? A single throw to decide."

The young man's pale face reddened. He turned, and his eyes sought the table and the dice irresolutely. The temptation indeed came at an unfortunate moment, when the excitement of play had given way to depression, and he saw nothing before him outside the door, on which his hand was laid, but the cold reality of ruin. The temptation to return, and by a single throw set himself right with the world was too much for him. Slowly he came back to the table. "Confound you!" he said, irritably. "I think you are the devil himself, Captain."

"Don't talk child's talk!" said the other, coldly, drawing back as his victim advanced. "If you do not like the offer you need not take it."

But the young man's fingers had already closed on the dice. Picking them up he dropped them once, twice, thrice, on the table, his eyes gleaming with the play-fever. "If I win?" he said, doubtfully.

"You carry away a thousand crowns," answered the Captain quietly. "If you lose you contrive to leave one of the gates of Lusigny open for me before the next full moon."



"And what if I lose, and not pay the forfeit?" asked the vicomte, laughing weakly.

"I trust to your honor," said the Captain. And, strange as it may seem, he knew his man. The young noble of the day might betray his cause and his trust, but the debt of honor incurred at play was binding on him.

"Well," said the vicomte, "I agree. Who is to throw first?"

"As you will," replied the Captain, masking under an appearance of indifference a real excitement which darkened his cheek, and caused the pulse in the old wound on his face to beat furiously.

"Then do you go first," said the vicomte.

"With your permission," assented the Captain. And, taking the dice up in the caster, he shook them with a practiced hand, and dropped them on the board. The throw was seven.

The vicomte took up the caster and, as he tossed the dice into it, glanced at the window. The moonlight shining athwart it fell in silvery sheen on a few feet of the floor. With the light something of the silence and coolness of the night entered also, and appealed to him. For a few seconds he hesitated. He even made as if he would have replaced the box on the table. But the good instinct failed. It was too late, and with a muttered word, which his dry lips refused to articulate, he threw the dice. Seven!

Neither of the men spoke, but the Captain rattled the cubes, and again flung them on the table, this time with a slight air of bravado. They rolled one over the other and lay still. Seven again.

The young vicomte's brow was damp, and his face pale and drawn. He forced a quavering laugh, and with an unsteady hand took his turn. The dice fell far apart, and lay where they fell. Six!

The winner nodded gravely. "The luck is still with me," he said, keeping his eyes on the table that the light of triumph which had suddenly leaped into them might not be seen. "When do you go back to your command, vicomte?"

The unhappy man stood like one stunned, gazing at the two little cubes which had cost him so dearly. "The day

after to-morrow," he muttered hoarsely, striving to collect himself.

"Then we shall say the following evening?" asked the Captain.

"Very well."

"We quite understand one another," continued the winner, eyeing his man watchfully, and speaking with more urgency. "I may depend on you, M. le Vicomte, I presume?"

"The Lanthenons have never been wanting to their word," the young nobleman answered, stung into sudden haughtiness. "If I live, I will put Lusigny into your hands, M. le Capitaine. Afterward I will do my best to recover it—in another way."

"I shall be entirely at your disposal," replied the Captain, bowing lightly. And in a moment he was alone—alone with his triumph, his ambition, his hopes for the future—alone with the greatness to which his capture of Lusigny was to be the first step, and which he should enjoy not a whit less because as yet fortune had dealt out to him more blows than caresses, and he was still at forty, after a score of years of roughest service, the governor of a paltry country town.

Meanwhile, in the darkness of the narrow streets the vicomte was making his way to his lodgings in a state of despair and unhappiness most difficult to describe. Chilled, sobered, and afrighted he looked back and saw how he had thrown for ail and lost all, how he had saved the dregs of his fortune at the expense of his loyalty, how he had seen a way of escape and lost it forever! No wonder that as he trudged alone through the mud and darkness of the sleeping town his breath came quickly and his chest heaved, and he looked from side to side as a hunted animal might, uttering great sighs. Ah, if he could only have retraced the last three hours!

Worn out and exhausted, he entered his lodging, and, securing the door behind him stumbled up the stone stairs and entered his room. The impulse to confide his misfortunes to some one was so strong upon him that he was glad to see a dark form half-sitting, half lying in a chair before the dying embers of a wood fire. In those days a man's natural confidant was his valet, the follower,

half-friend, half-servant, who had been born on his estate, who lay on a pallet at the foot of his bed, who carried his *billets-doux* and held his cloak at the duello, who rode near his stirrup in fight and nursed him in illness, who not seldom advised him in the choice of a wife, and lied in support of his suit.

The young vicomte flung his cloak over a chair. "Get up, you rascal!" he cried, impatiently. "You pig, you dog!" he continued, with increasing anger. "Sleeping there as though your master were not ruined by that scoundrel of a Breton! Bah!" he added, gazing bitterly at his follower, "you are of the *canaille*, and have neither honor to lose nor a town to betray!"

The sleeping man moved in his chair and half-turned. The vicomte, his patience exhausted, snatched the bonnet from his head, and threw it on the ground. "Will you listen?" he said. "Or go, if you choose look for another master. I am ruined! Do you hear? Ruined, Gil! I have lost all—money, land, Lusigny itself, at the dice!"

The man, aroused at last, stooped with a lazy movement, and picking up his hat dusted it with his hand, and rose with a yawn to his feet.

"I am afraid, vicomte," he said, his tones, quiet as they were, sounding like thunder in the vicomte's astonished and bewildered ears, "I am afraid that if you have lost Lusigny, you have lost something which was not yours to lose."

As he spoke he struck the embers with his foot, and the fire, blazing up, shone on his face. The vicomte saw, with unutterable confusion and dismay, that the man before him was not Gil at all, but the last person in the world to whom he should have betrayed himself. The astute smiling eyes, the aquiline nose, the high forehead, and projecting chin, which the short beard and mustache scarcely concealed, were only too well known to him. He stepped back with a cry of horror. "Sire!" he said, and then his tongue failed him. He stood silent, pale, convicted, his chin on his breast. The man to whom he had confessed his treachery was the master whom he had conspired to betray.

"I had suspected something of this,"

Henry of Navarre continued, after a pause, a tinge of irony in his tone. "Rosny told me that that old fox, the Captain of Creance, was affecting your company a good deal, M. le Vicomte, and I find that, as usual, his suspicions were well founded. What with a gentleman who shall be nameless, who has bartered a ford and a castle for the favor of Mlle. de Luynes, and yourself, I am blest with some faithful followers! For shame!" he continued, seating himself with dignity, "have you nothing to say for yourself?"

The young noble stood with his head bowed, his face white. This was ruin, indeed, absolutely irremediable. "Sire," he said at last, "your Majesty has a right to my life, not to my honor."

"Your honor!" quoth Henry, biting contempt in his tone.

The young man started, and for a second his cheek flamed under the well-deserved reproach; but he recovered himself. "My debt to your Majesty," he said, "I am willing to pay."

"Since pay you must," Henry muttered softly.

"But I claim to pay also my debt to the Captain of Creance."

"Oh," the king answered. "So you would have me take your worthless life, and give up Lusigny?"

"I am in your hands, sire."

"Pish, sir!" Henry replied in angry astonishment. "You talk like a child. Such an offer, M. de Lanthenon, is folly, and you know it. Listen to me. It was lucky for you that I came in to-night, intending to question you. Your madness is known to me only, and I am willing to overlook it. Do you hear? Cheer up, therefore, and be a man. You are young? I forgive you. This shall be between you and me only," the young prince continued, his eyes softening as the other's head drooped, "and you need think no more of it until the day when I shall say to you, 'Now, M. de Lanthenon, for France and for Henry, strike!'"

He rose as the last word passed his lips, and held out his hand. The vicomte fell on one knee, and kissed it reverently, then sprang to his feet again. "Sire," he said, standing erect, his eyes shining, "you have punished me heavily, more

heavily than was needful. There is only one way in which I can show my gratitude, and that is by ridding you of a servant who can never again look your enemies in the face."

"What new folly is this?" said Henry, sternly. "Do you not understand that I have forgiven you?"

"Therefore I cannot give up Lusigny, and I must acquit myself of my debt to the Captain of Creance in the only way which remains," replied the young man, firmly. "Death is not so hard that I would not meet it twice over rather than again betray my trust."

"This is midsummer madness!" said the king, hotly.

"Possibly," replied the vicomte, without emotion; "yet of a kind to which your Majesty is not altogether a stranger."

The words appealed strongly to that love of the chivalrous which formed part of the king's nature, and was one cause alike of his weakness and strength, which in its more extravagant flights gave opportunity after opportunity to his enemies, in its nobler and saner expressions won victories which all his astuteness and diplomacy could not have compassed. He stood looking with half-hidden admiration at the man whom two minutes before he had despised.

"I think you are in jest," he said presently.

"No, sire," the young man answered gravely. "In my country they have a proverb about us. 'The Lanthenons,' say they, 'have ever been bad players, but good payers.' I will not be the first to be worse than my name!"

He spoke with so quiet a determination that the king was staggered, and for a minute or two paced the room in silence, inwardly reviling the generous obstinacy of his weak-kneed supporter, yet unable to withhold his admiration from it. At length he stopped, with a low, abrupt exclamation.

"Wait!" he cried. "I have it! *Ventre Saint Gris*, man, I have it!" His eyes sparkled, and, with a gentle laugh, he hit the table a sounding blow. "Ha! ha! I have it!" he repeated joyously.

The young noble gazed at him in surprise, half sullen, half incredulous. But when Henry, in low, rapid tones, had

expounded his plan, the vicomte's face underwent a change. Hope and life sprang into it. The blood flew to his cheeks. His whole aspect softened. In a moment he was on his knee, mumbling the king's hand, his eyes full of joy and gratitude. After that the two talked long, the murmur of their voices broken more than once by the ripple of low laughter. When they at length separated, and Henry, his face hidden by the folds of his cloak, had stolen away to his lodgings, where, no doubt, more than one watcher was awaiting him with a mind full of anxious fears, the vicomte threw open his window and looked out on the night. The moon had set, but the stars still shone peacefully in the dark canopy above. He remembered on a sudden, his throat choking with silent, repressed emotion, that he was looking toward his home—the stiff, gray pile among the beech woods of Navarre which had been in his family since the days of St. Louis, and which he had so lightly risked. And he registered a vow in his heart that of all Henry's servants he would henceforth be the most faithful.

Meanwhile the Captain of Creance was enjoying the sweets of coming triumph. He did not look out into the night, it is true, but pacing up and down the room he planned and calculated, considering how he might make the most of his success. He was still comparatively young. He had years of strength before him. He would rise. He would not easily be satisfied. The times were troubled, opportunities many, fools many; bold men with brains and hands few.

At the same time he knew that he could be sure of nothing until Lusigny was actually his, and he spent the next few days in considerable suspense. But no hitch occurred. The vicomte made the necessary communications to him; and men in his own pay informed him of dispositions ordered by the governor of Lusigny which left him in no doubt that the loser intended to pay his debt.

It was, therefore, with a heart already gay with anticipation that the Captain rode out of Creance two hours before midnight on an evening eight days later. The night was dark, but he knew the road well. He had with him a powerful

force, composed in part of thirty of his own garrison, bold, hardy fellows, and in part of six score horsemen, lent him by the Governor of Montauban. As the vicomte had undertaken to withdraw, under some pretense or other, one-half of his command, and to have one of the gates opened by a trusty hand, the captain trotted along in excellent spirits, and stopped to scan with approval the dark line of his troopers as they plodded past him, the jingle of their swords and corselets ringing sweet music in his ears. He looked for an easy victory, but it was not any slight misadventure that would rob him of his prey. As his company wound on by the river side, their accoutrements reflected in the stream, or passed into the black shadow of the clive grove which stands a mile to the east of Lusigny, he felt little doubt of the success of his enterprise.

Treachery apart, that is; and of treachery there was no sign. The troopers had scarcely halted under the last clump of trees before a figure detached itself from one of the largest trunks, and advanced to their leader's rein. The captain saw with surprise that it was the vicomte himself. For a second he thought something had gone wrong, but the young noble's first words reassured him. "It's all right," M. de Lanthenon whispered, as the captain bent down to him. "I have kept my word, and I think that there will be no resistance. The plauks for crossing the moat lie opposite the gate. Knock thrice at the latter, and it will be opened. There are not fifty armed men in the place."

"Good!" the Captain answered, in the same cautious tone. "But you——"

"I am believed to be elsewhere, and I must be gone. I have far to ride to-night. Farewell."

"Till we meet again," the Captain answered; and with that his ally glided away and was lost in the darkness. A cautious word set the troop again in motion, and a very few minutes saw them standing on the edge of the moat, the outline of the gateway tower looming above them, a shade darker than the wrack of clouds which overhead raced silently across the sky. A moment of suspense, while one and another shivered—for

there is that in a night attack which touches the nerve of the stoutest—and the planks were found, and as quietly as possible laid across the moat. This was so successfully done that it evoked no challenge, and the captain crossing quickly with some picked men, stood almost in the twinkling of an eye under the shadow of the gateway. Still no sound was heard save the hurried breathing of those at his elbow, or the stealthy tread of others crossing. Cautiously he knocked three times and waited. The third rap had scarcely sounded, however, before the gate rolled silently open, and he sprang in, followed by his men.

So far so good. A glance at the empty street and the porter's pale face told him at once that the vicomte had kept his word. But he was too old a soldier to take anything for granted, and forming up his men as quickly as they entered, he allowed no one to advance until all were inside, and then, his trumpet sounding a wild note of defiance, his force sprang forward in two compact bodies, and in a moment the town awoke to find itself in the hands of the enemy.

As the vicomte had promised, there was no resistance. In the small keep a score of men did indeed run to arms, but only to lay them down without striking a blow when they became aware of the force opposed to them. Their leader, sullenly acquiescing, gave up his sword and the keys of the town to the victorious captain, who, as he sat his horse in the middle of the market-place, giving his orders and sending off riders with the news, already saw himself in fancy governor of a province and Knight of the Holy Ghost.

As the red light of the torches fell on steel caps and polished hauberks, on the serried ranks of pikemen, and the circle of white-faced townsmen, the picturesque old square looked doubly picturesque. Every five minutes, with a clatter of iron on the rough pavement and a shower of sparks, a horseman sprang away to tell the news at Montauban or Cahors; and every time that this occurred, the captain, astride on his charger, felt a new sense of power and triumph.

Suddenly the low murmur was broken

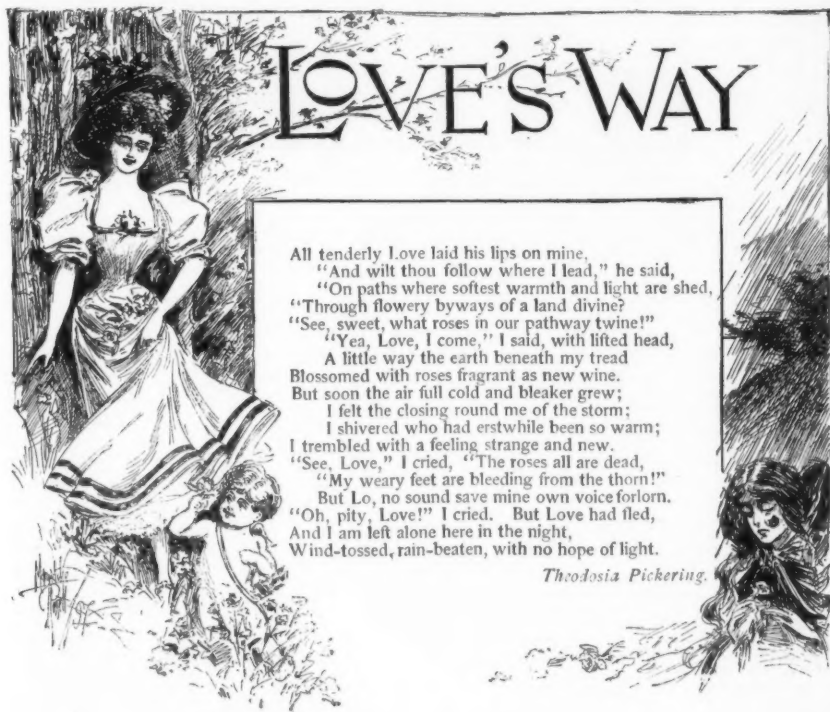
by a new sound, the hurried clang of hoofs, not departing, but arriving. There was something in the noise which made the Captain prick his ears, and secured for the messenger a speedy passage through the crowd. Even at the last the man did not spare his horse, but spurring to the Captain's side then, and then only sprang to the ground. His face was pale, his eyes were bloodshot. His right arm was bound up in bloodstained cloths. With an oath of amazement, the Captain recognized the officer whom he had left in charge of Creance and thundered out, "What is it?"

"They have got Creance!" the man gasped, reeling as he spoke. "They have got Creance!"

"Who?" the Captain shrieked, his face purple with rage.

"The little man of Bearn! He assented it five hundred strong an hour after you left, and had the gate down before we could fire a dozen shots. We did what we could, but we were but one to seven. I swear, Captain, we did all we could. Look at this!"

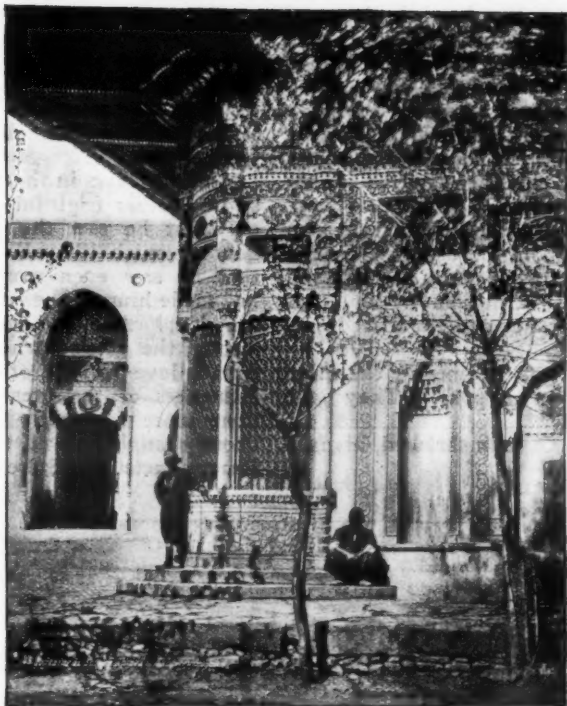
Almost black in the face, the Captain swore another frightful oath. It was not only that he saw the governorship and honors vanish like will-o'-the-wisps, but that he saw even more quickly that he had made himself the laughing-stock of a kingdom! And he had. To this day among the stories which the southern French love to tell of the prowess and astuteness of the great Henry, there is none more frequently told, or more frequently laughed over, than that of the famous exchange of Creance for Lusigny.



All tenderly Love laid his lips on mine,  
 "And wilt thou follow where I lead," he said,  
 "On paths where softest warmth and light are shed,  
 "Through flowery byways of a land divine?  
 "See, sweet, what roses in our pathway twine!"  
 "Yea, Love, I come," I said, with lifted head,  
 A little way the earth beneath my tread  
 Blossomed with roses fragrant as new wine.  
 But soon the air full cold and bleaker grew;  
 I felt the closing round me of the storm;  
 I shivered who had erstwhile been so warm;  
 I trembled with a feeling strange and new.  
 "See, Love," I cried, "The roses all are dead,  
 "My weary feet are bleeding from the thorn!"  
 But Lo, no sound save mine own voice forlorn.  
 "Oh, pity, Love!" I cried. But Love had fled,  
 And I am left alone here in the night,  
 Wind-tossed, rain-beaten, with no hope of light.

*Theodosia Pickering.*





THE FOUNTAIN OF SWEET WATERS.

## THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE SULTAN.

**T**HE MILLIONS of Abdul Hamid's struggling subjects willingly contribute to the advancement of that time-honored institution of the Moslems, where wifehood is so little esteemed and motherhood so highly honored, the harem, where upon Thursday evening, that sacred night of gallantry in all Turkish homes, the master visits his "rose-leaves" and bestows upon them his imperial favor. The civil list of the Sultan was reported for the last year to be from one to two millions sterling, besides the great revenue which is the income of the crown domains.

To begin with, the harem which is of course the largest item, the apartments for the women are of vast extent and their occupants form a community, as it were, from the rest of the empire, having their own speech, which is a dialect somewhat different from the universal tongue, their own customs, manners, traditions and etiquette, with a constitution and customary laws of their own. For to preserve order among such a throng of women who have not even the tie of relationship in common, an elaborate system of etiquette and discipline more or less severe, becomes necessary. The Validi Sultana, or mother of the Sultan, is the supreme head of the harem, and after her, the mother of the heir-apparent, then the mothers of the second, third and fourth sons, then the mothers of the Sultan's younger children, after them the sultanas, his unmarried daughters, then the favorites, called "Daughters of Felicity," (many of them ready to bear the Sultan a child), and lastly those upon whom his imperial majesty has cast an eye, and who may at any hour be promoted to the





THE FAVORITE OF ABDUL-HAMID.

rank of favorites. Each one of these women is allowed a separate suite of apartments, kiosk, caiques and carriages, and a train of female slaves and eunuchs.

The Queen Mother selects from her thousand subjects twelve chief officials who form a sort of cabinet, the principal of which are the Private Secretary, the Lady of the Treasury, Keeper of the Seal, Mistress of the Robes, Lady Water Pourer, Lady Coffee Server, Mistress of the Sherbets, Lady Chaplain, etc. While each of these Household Ladies, as they are called, has under her six or more pupils whom she teaches and trains either for the higher position of favorite, if they promise to be

beautiful, or for the more menial occupations of cook, housemaid, laundrywoman, or bath servant, if they are negresses. The principal duties of these Ladies of the Household consist in the bringing up of young slaves and the care of the property of the especial Sultana to whose person they may be attached, to one woman alone being intrusted the care of her mistress's valuable gem set coffee services of enamel, and the correct preparation of the coffee in roasting, grinding and boiling; to another is given the charge of the jewelled pipes and brass dishes for the charcoal embers; another inspects the divans of finest cashmere worked with gold and jewels and the Persian carpets set with pearls; still another looks after the lacquer cabinets and tables of mother of pearl, and cups of priceless agate and



A WOMAN OF THE HAREM

SMOKING A TURKISH PIPE.

jasper, for in the Sultan's harem the fabled dreams of the Arabian Nights become a reality, and mind and body are dazzled by the luxuries of the voluptuous East.

The young princes and children of the harem are very numerous, (one Sultan left one hundred and three). There is a retinue of nurses who carry the babies born in a year, a crowd of players on stringed instruments who amuse the royal ladies and children, and the Ethiopian negresses who pass the day in bearing great silver trays of sweetmeats from one kiosk to another, while throngs of slaves, Albanian, Greek, Georgian, or Circassian, stolen by pirates, offered as tribute, or purchased in Asiatic slave markets, are in the imperial harem, to be drilled and educated to take the place of favorites with whom the Emperor's fancy has become satiated.

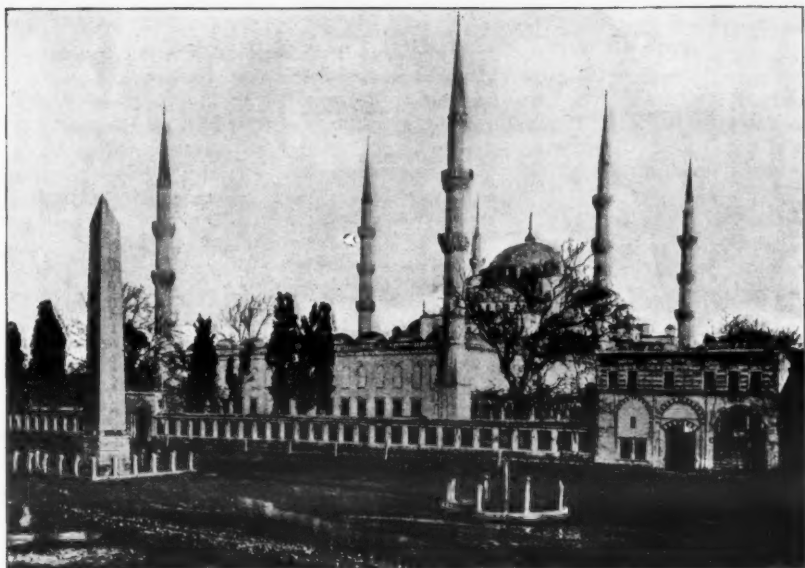
The rejected Daughter of Felicity is then married to a chamberlain of the palace or an official of the Porte, and is given a trousseau, a pension and the furniture of the apartment she has occupied. All the women are perfumed



A WOMAN OF THE HAREM.



THE MOSQUE IN WHICH THE WOMEN OF THE HAREM WORSHIP.



THE MOSQUE OF AHMET.

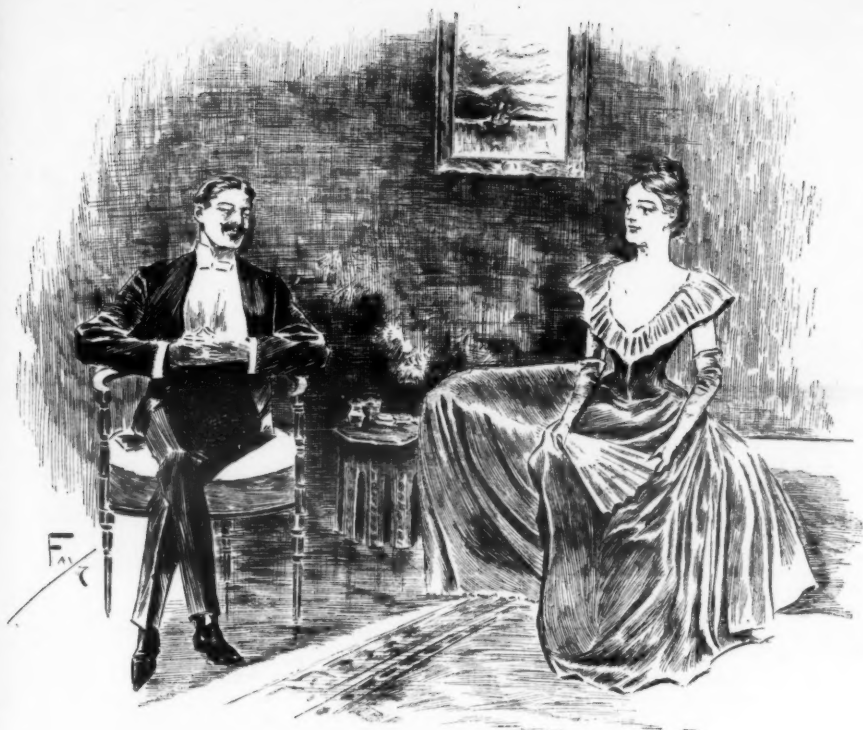
and painted, and before the great double portals opening to their apartments over which is written "Enter not the Prophets' doors unless he gives you admission!" sits ever like a black watchdog, a being of the neutral sex, with whip of hippopotamus-hide to keep off all unbelievers, and to punish the rebellious within the harem's walls. All day long feasting goes on in the harem, sheep, goats, calves, pullets, pigeons, geese are consumed in great quantities, and innumerable sweets. Olives, melons, cucumbers, anchovies and radishes are the appetizers favored of the ladies, and a thick, rich nourishing soup of vegetables and meat is always present at their meals.

Leaving the haremlik, or women's department, a perfect swarm of slaves of every country, color and nation throng the palace, with eunuchs black and white; then there are the overseers of the perfumes (a most important office in the East); the royal pages, the keepers of the sacred standard of the prophet, the Court *muezzin* who calls to prayer from the minarets in the gardens, at break of day, the astrologers who study the stars all night long, the chief doctor, the chief cook and his scullions, the chief armorer who carries the Sultan's sabre, the master of the robes,

the chief chamberlain, the secretaries and writers with petitions sent in the night before to be presented, a corps of gaolers, executioners and mutes, whose presence makes one shiver with possibilities of bowstring and the dark Bosphorus waves; oculists to stain the eyelids of the ladies, and purveyors of flowers to decorate the harem; barbers, wardrobe keepers, sandal bearers, and lastly eunuchs whose affair it is to lick the floor with their tongues before spreading down the royal carpets.

But the great apartments of the Imperial Seraglio, with their richness of gilt and bronze and mother of pearl, and blue Persian tiles, are of such vastness that this multitude of attendants with whom the Sultan is ever surrounded, scarcely jostle one another in the palace halls.

Fountains and kiosks and small snow-white domes arrest the eye in every direction from the harem. Over the dark cypress groves with aromatic odor, float the breath of flutes and the chords of zithers, and upon all sides stretch walls, deep ridged with pencillings of gold and carved roses and stars, and colonnades entwined by Turkish verses, a mystery of all mysteries, a world of magic ruled by eunuchs, where the Sultan is worshipped as a god. *Annetta Halliday-Antona.*



### HIS SINCERITY.

PAULINE—I don't think you would treat love lightly.

VAN LSH—Indeed I would not, I'd turn down the gas every time.



### In Canada.

"There goes the man that broke the bank——"

"At Monte Carlo?"

"No, at Oshkosk."



### There Are Always Others.

Phil Anthrope—Curious how the names of all that is best on earth, life, love and liberty, commence with the letter "L."

Phil Pot—That's so—so does liquor.



### Not He.

The Waiter—Your pardon, sir, but it is customary to give the waiter a tip, sir.

The Tout—That's so, but you wouldn't thank me for one. I haven't picked a winner this season.

### fleece.

Joker—He was all wool and a yard wide when he first went into Wall street.

Broker—And now?

Joker—He barely casts a shadow.



### His Record.

Clarence—Were you in any battles during the war, grandpa?

Henpeck (reminiscently)—Um, yes; I was married in '63.



### A Light and Delicate Touch.

Penelope—Something seems to be tickling you tremendously, won't you tell me what it is?

Sappy—Bah Jove! It must be an idea, dontyerknow!

## MISS VIVACITY SEEKS THE MUSE.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Van Ink? I thought I'd just drop in for a minute. I know how awfully busy you are, and if I'm one little bit in the way you must to me. Do you know, I'm an entirely different girl from the one you used to think frivolous! Indeed I am. I see it all now. I was living without an aim. Now I'm a part of this great, struggling world. What is it Herbert Spencer says? Er—something about—well, it doesn't matter. It's something about the world, and all that you know.

"Yes, of course, I was just going to tell you. I've decided to become a poet. I know you're perfectly delighted! I dashed off a little sonnet, 'To My Darling Doggie,' the other day. I'd like to know what you think of it. I actually cried when I wrote it; and papa acted so strangely when I read it to him! I think he was quite moved, but wanted to conceal his emotions—you know how men are.

"Well, I'm really in earnest. I'm going to have you examine everything I write so as not to make any mistakes, if you'll be so kind. Until I win a name for myself I'd like to use yours, if you don't mind; and you may use mine, when I'm well known, if you care to. I never realized until yesterday, when I began my career, how troublesome it is to find rhymes. Of course you're used to it, and don't mind it. Some of my lines absolutely wouldn't rhyme, and I've left them for you to fix, when you have the time. And metre! Isn't it perfectly awful? I don't see any sense in it anyway, do you? I read a book that tells all about feet and iambs and hexameters and things, and it was positively too absurd. The writer must have been insane. I don't believe I'll bother with metre. Would you? Wouldn't it be better to make the lines the same length—say about three inches? Anyway, you'll fix them lovely won't you? And I've brought with me—

"Of course I'll excuse you, Mr. Van Ink! I said I wouldn't disturb you, and I can drop in to-morrow just as well as not. You're going out of town to-morrow? Well, it'll do you good, I do believe. You look awfully pale—though I didn't notice it when I came in. Well, good by. I'll drop in again as soon as you return, and read you everything I've written. Goodby."—*The Scribe.*

### HOPES SURE TO BE REALIZED.

The fond relations stood around the newly christened child.

"Yes," said the father, "I intend that when he grows old enough he shall make a noise in the world."

"A very laudable ambition indeed," smirked the minister. "And what vocation do you intend he shall pursue?"

"The same as me own," answered the fond father.

"And that is?"

"Well I peddle vegetables for a livin' meself," was the reply.

And then as the youngster emitted an ear-piercing shriek, the minister holding up his hands in holy horror, murmured, "He'll do!"

*The Sponsor.*



*Needs No Chaser.*

Mixer—What do you always drink your whisky with?

Colonel Kentuck—Speed.



"'At last' you call it," she gasped.—THE QUEST OF LADY MARY.



# THE QUEST OF LADY MARY.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE,

*Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," "Rupert of Hentzau," etc.*



WE WERE sitting around the fire at Colonel Holborow's. Dinner was over—had, in fact, been over for some time—the hour of smoke, whisky, and confidence had arrived, and we had been telling one another the various reasons which accounted for our being unmarried, for we were all bachelors except the colonel, and he had, as a variety, told the reasons why he wished he was unmarried (his wife was away). Jack Dexter, however, had not spoken, and it was only in response to a direct appeal that he related the following story. The story may be true or untrue, but I must remark that Jack always had rather a weakness for representing himself on terms of condescending intimacy with the nobility and even greaterfolk.

Jack sighed deeply. There was a sympathetic silence. Then he began:

"For some reason best known to herself," said Jack, with a patient shrug of his shoulders, "the Duchess of Medmenham (I don't know whether any of you fellows know her) chose to object to me as a suitor for the hand of her daughter, Mary Fitzmoine. The woman was so ignorant that she may really have thought that my birth was not equal to her daughter's; but all the world knows that the Munns were yeomans two hundred years ago, and that her Grace's family hails from a stucco villa in the neighborhood of Cardiff. However, the duchess did object; and when the season (in the course of which I had met Lady Mary many times) ended, instead of allowing her daughter to pay a series of visits at houses where I had arranged to be, she sent her off to Switzerland, under the care of a dragon whom she had engaged to keep me and other dangerous fellows at a proper distance. On hearing of what had

happened from George Fitzmoine (an intimate friend of mine), I at once threw up my visits and started in pursuit. I felt confident that Lady Mary was favorably inclined (in fact, I had certain proofs which—but no matter), and that if I won her heart I could break down the old lady's opposition. I should certainly have succeeded in my enterprise, and been at this moment the husband of one of the most beautiful girls in England, but for a very curious and unfortunate circumstance, which placed me in an unfavorable light in Mary's eyes. I was not to blame; it was just a bit of bad luck.

"I ranged over most of Switzerland in search of Lady Mary. Wherever I went I asked about her, and at last I got upon the track. At Interlaken I found her name in the visitor's book, together with that of a Miss Dibbs, whom I took to be the dragon. I questioned the porter and found that two ladies had, the afternoon before, hired a carriage and driven to a quiet little village some fifteen miles off, where there was a small but good inn. Here they evidently meant to stay, for letters were to be sent after them there for the next week. The place was described to me as pretty and retired; it seemed, therefore, an ideal spot for my purpose. I made up my mind at once. I started the next day after luncheon, took the journey easily, and came in sight of the little inn about seven o'clock in the evening. All went well. The only question was as to the disposition of Miss Dibbs toward me. I prayed that she might turn out to be a romantic dragon; but, in case she should prove obstinate, I made my approaches with all possible caution. When my carriage stopped at the door I jumped out. The head waiter, a big fellow in a white waistcoat was on the steps.

I drew him aside, and took a ten-franc piece from my pocket.

"Is there a young lady staying here?" I asked. "Tall, fair, handsome?" and I slid the piece of gold into his palm.

"Well, yes, sir," he said, "there is a young lady, and she is all that you say, sir. Pardon me, Monsieur is English?"

"Yes," said I.

"Ah," said he, smiling mysteriously. "And it is Wednesday."

"It is certainly Wednesday," I admitted, though I did not see that the day of the week mattered much.

"He came close to me and whispered:

"The lady thought you might come, sir. I think she expects you, sir. Oh, you can rely on my discretion, sir."

"I was rather surprised, but not very much, for I had hinted to George Fitzmoine that I meant to try my luck, and I supposed that he had passed my hint on to his sister. My predominant feeling was one of gratification. Mary loved me! Mary expected me! There was complete mental sympathy between Mary and myself!

"I went up to my room in a state of great contentment. I had been there about half an hour when my friend the waiter came in. Advancing toward me with a mysterious air, he took a blank envelope out of his pocket and held it up before me with a roguish smile.

"Monsieur will know the handwriting inside," he said cunningly.

"Now I had never corresponded with Lady Mary, and, of course, did not know her handwriting, but I saw no use in telling the waiter that. In truth, I thought the fellow quite familiar enough. So I said shortly and with some *hauteur*:

"Give me the note;" and I took another piece of gold out of my pocket. We exchanged our possessions, the waiter withdrew with a wink, and I tore open the precious note.

"Whatever you do," it ran, "don't recognize me. I am watched. As soon as I can I will tell you where to meet me. I knew you would come—M."

"The darling!" I exclaimed. "She's a girl of spirit. I'll take good care not to betray her. Oh, we'll circumvent old Dibbs between us."

"At eight o'clock I went down to the *salle a manger*. It was quite empty. Mary

and Miss Dibbs no doubt dined in their own sitting-room, and there appeared to be no one else in the hotel. However, when I was halfway through my meal, a stylishly dressed young woman came in and sat down at a table at the end of the room farthest from where I was. I should have noticed her more, but I was in a reverie about Mary's admirable charms, and I only just looked at her, she was frowning and drumming angrily with her fingers on the table. The head waiter hurried up to her; his face was covered with smiles, and he gave me a confidential nod *en passant*. Nothing else occurred except that a villainous-looking fellow—something, to judge by his appearance, between a valet and a secretary—thrust his ugly head through the door three or four times. Whenever he did so the waiter smiled blandly at him. He did it the last time just as the lady was walking down the room. Seeing her coming he drew back and held the door open for her with a clumsy, apologetic bow. She smiled scornfully and passed through. The waiter stood grinning in the middle of the room, and when I, in my turn, rose, he whispered to me, "It's all right, sir." I went to bed and dreamed of Mary.

"On entering the room next morning the first person I saw was Mary. She was looking adoralby fresh and pretty. She sat opposite a stout, severe-looking dame in black. Directly my eyes alighted on her I schooled them into a studiously vacant expression. She, poor girl, was no diplomatist. She started; she glanced anxiously at Miss Dibbs; I saw her lips move; she blushed; she seemed almost to smile. Of course this behavior (I loved Mary the more that she could not conceal her delightful embarrassment!) excited the dragon's curiosity; she turned round and favored me with a searching gaze. I was equal to the occasion. I comprehended them both in a long, cool, deliberate, empty stare. The strain on my self-control was immense, but I supported it. Mary blushed crimson, and her eyes sank to her plate. Poor Girl! She had sadly overrated her powers of deception. I was not surprised that Miss Dibbs frowned severely and sniffed audibly.

"At that moment the other girl came in. She walked up, took the table next

to mine, and, to my confusion, bestowed upon me a look of evident interest, though of the utmost shortness—one of those looks, you know, that seem to be repented of in an instant, and are generally the most deliberate. I took no notice at all, assuming an air of entire unconsciousness. A few minutes later Mary got up and made for the door, with Miss Dibbs in close attendance. The imprudent child could not forebear to glance at me; but I, seeing the dragon's watchful eye upon me, remained absolutely irresponsible. Nay, to throw Miss Dibbs off the scent, I fixed my eyes on my neighbor with assumed preoccupation. Flushing painfully, Mary hurried out, and I heard Miss Dibbs sniff again. I chuckled over her obvious disapproval of my neighbor and myself. The excellent woman evidently thought us no better than we ought to be! But I felt that I should go mad if I could not speak to Mary soon.

"I went out and sat down in the veranda. It was then about half-past ten. The ugly fellow whom I had noticed the evening before was hanging about, but presently a waiter came and spoke to him, and he got up with a grumble and went into the house. Ten minutes afterward my neighbor of the *salle a manger* came out. She looked very discontented. She rang a handbell that stood on the table, and a waiter ran up.

"Where's the head waiter?" she asked, sharply.

"Pardon, ma'mselle, but he is waiting on some ladies upstairs."

"What a nuisance!" said she. "But you'll do. I want to give him an order. Stay; come indoors and I'll write it down."

"She disappeared, and I sat on, wondering how I was to get a sight of Mary. At last, in weariness, I went indoors to the smoking-room. It looked out to the back and was a dreary little room; but I lit my cigar and began on a three days' old copy of the *Times*. Thus I spent a tedious hour. Then my friend the head waiter appeared, looking more roguish than ever. I dived into my pocket, he produced a note, I seized it.

"Why have you been so long?" (Charmingly unreasonable! what could I have done?) "Directly you get this, come

to the wood behind the hotel. Take the path to the right and go straight till you find me. I have thrown the spy [poor old Dibbs!] off the scent.—M."

"I caught up my hat and rushed into the hall. I cannoned into a young man who had just got out of a carriage and was standing in the veranda. With a hasty apology I dashed on. Beyond doubt she loved me! And she was honest enough not to conceal it. I hate mock modesty. I longed to show her how truly I returned her love, and I rejoiced that there need be no tedious preliminaries. Mary and I understood one another. A kiss would be the seal of our love—and the most suitable beginning of our conversation.

"In five minutes I was in the wood. Just before I disappeared among its trees I heard some one calling 'Monsieur, monsieur!' It sounded like the voice of the head waiter, but I wouldn't have stopped for fifty head waiters. I took the path Mary had indicated and ran along it at the top of my speed. Suddenly, to my joy, I caught sight of the figure of a girl; she was seated on a mound of grass, and, though her face was from me, I made no doubt it was Mary. She wore a most charming blue cloak (it was a chilly morning) which completely enveloped her. I determined not to shilly-shally. She loved me—I loved her. I ran forward, plumped down on my knees behind her, took her head between my hands, dodged around, and kissed her cheek.

"At last, my darling!" I cried in passionate tones.

"By Jupiter, it was the other girl, though!

"I sprang back in horror. The girl looked at me for a moment. Then she blushed; then she frowned; then—why, then she began to laugh consumedly. I was amazed.

"At last," you call it," she gasped. "I call it 'at first'"; and she laughed merrily and melodiously. She certainly had a nice laugh, that girl.

"Now, concerning what follows, I have, since then, entertained some doubts whether I behaved in all respects discreetly. You will allow that the position was a difficult one, but it is, I admit, very possible that my wisest course would

have been to make an apology and turn tail as quickly as I could. Well, I didn't. I thought that I owed the lady a full explanation. Besides, I wanted a full explanation myself. Finally (oh, yes, I see you fellows grinning and winking), Mary was not there, and this young lady rather interested me. I decided that I would have five minutes' talk with her; then I would run back and find Mary.

"I must beg a thousand pardons," I began, 'but I took you for somebody else.'

"Oh, of course," said she, with a shrug, 'it's always that.'

"You appear incredulous," said I, rather offended.

"Well, and if I am?" said she.

"My feelings were hurt. I produced Mary's second note.

"If I can trust to your discretion, I'll prove what I say," I remarked in a nettled tone.

"I shall be very curious to hear the proof, sir, and I will be most discreet," she said. She was pouting, but her eyes danced. Really, she looked very pretty—although, of course, I would not for a moment compare her with Lady Mary.

"A lady," said I, 'was so kind as to tell me to seek her here this morning.'

"Oh, as if I believed that!"

"I was piqued.

"There's the proof," I cried, flinging the note into her lap.

"She took it up, glanced at it, and gave a little shriek.

"Where did you get this?"

"Why, from the head waiter."

"Oh, the fool!" she cried. 'It's mine.'

"Yours? nonsense! He gave me that and another last night."

"Oh, the stupidity! They were for—they were not for you. They were for some one who is to arrive."

"I pointed at the signature and gasped, 'M.! Do you sign M.?"

"Yes; my name's—my name begins with M. Oh, if I'd only seen that waiter this morning! Oh, the idiot!"

"Then I believe I swore.

"Madame," said I, 'I'm ruined! No harm is done to you—I'm a man of honor—but I'm ruined. On the strength of your wretched notes, madame, I've cut

the girl I love best in the world—cut her dead—dead—dead!"

"What? That young lady in the— Oh, you thought they were from her? Oh, I see. How—how—oh, how very amusing!" And the heartless little wretch went off into another peal of laughter.

"You pretended not to know her! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and her laughter echoed among the trees again. 'I saw her looking at you, and you ate on like a pig! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Stop laughing!" said I savagely.

"Oh, I'm very sorry, but I can't. What a scrape you've got into! Oh, me!" And she wiped her eyes (they were as blue as her cloak) with a delicate bit of a handkerchief.

"You shan't laugh," said I. 'Who were your notes for?"

"Somebody I expected. He hasn't come. The waiter took you for him, I suppose. I never thought of his being so stupid. Oh, what a brute she must have thought you!" And she began to laugh again.

"I had had enough of it. I hate being laughed at.

"If you go on laughing," said I, 'I'll kiss you again.'

"The threat was a failure; she did not appear at all alarmed.

"Not you!" she said, laughing worse than ever.

"I should like you fellows to understand that my heart never wavered in its allegiance to Lady Mary—my conscience is quite clear as to that—but I had pledged my word. I caught that tiresome girl round the waist and I kissed her once—I'm sure of once, anyhow. She gasped and struggled, laughing still. Then, with a sudden change of voice, she cried, 'Stop, stop!"

"I let her go. I looked round. We had a gallery of spectators. On one side stood the ugly-headed valet; on the other, in attitudes of horror, Mary and Miss Dibbs!"

"You've ruined us both now," said the girl in blue.

"I rose to my feet and was about to explain, when the ugly fellow rushed at me, brandishing a cane. I had quite enough to arrange without being bothered by him. I caught the cane in my left

hand, and with my right I knocked him down.

"Then I walked up to Lady Mary. I took no heed of Miss Dibbs' presence; it was too critical a moment to think of trifles.

"'Lady Mary,' said I, 'appearances are so much against me that you cannot possibly attach the slightest weight to them.'

"'Sir,' said she, 'I have no longer the honor of your acquaintance. I have only to thank you for having had the consideration not to recognize me when we met so unexpectedly in the dining-room. Pray continue to show me the same favor.'

"'With which pleasant little speech she turned on her heel. It was clear that she suspected me most unjustly. I turned to the girl in blue, but she was beforehand with me.

"'Ah, I wish I'd never seen you,' she cried, 'you great, stupid creature! He (she pointed to the prostrate figure of the ugly servant) will tell Frederick everything.'

"'Come,' said I, 'I was only an accident; it would have been just as bad if—'

"'As I spoke I heard a step behind me. Turning round, I found myself face to face with the young man with whom I had come in collision as I rushed through the hall. He gazed at the servant—at me—at the girl in blue.

"'Margaret!' he exclaimed, 'what is the—'

"'Hush, hush!' she whispered, pointing again to the servant.

"I stepped up to him, lifting my hat:

"'Sir,' said I, 'kindly inform me if

you are the gentleman who was to come from England.'

"'Certainly I come from England,' he said.

"'And you ought to have arrived on Wednesday?'

"'Yes,' he answered.

"'Then,' said I, 'all I have to say to you, sir, is that I wish to the devil you'd keep your appointments.' And I left them.

"'That's why I'm not married, boys. Where's my glass?'

"'It is a very curious story,' observed the colonel. 'And who were they all—the girl in blue—and the young man—and the ugly servant—and Frederick?'

"'Colonel,' said Jack, with an air of deepest mystery, 'you would be astounded to hear.'

We all pricked up our ears.

"'But,' he continued, 'I am not at liberty to say.'

We sank back in our chairs. 'Do you know?' asked the colonel, and Jack nodded solemnly.

"'Out with it!' we cried.

"'Impossible!' said Jack. 'But I may tell you that the matter engaged the attention of more than one of the Foreign Offices of Europe.'

"'Good Heavens!' cried we in chorus, and Jack drank off his whisky and water, rose to his feet, and put on his hat.

"'Poor, dear Mary!' said he, as he opened the door. 'She never got over it.'

The colonel shouted after him:

"'Then what did she marry Jenkyns of the Blues for?'

"'Pique!' said Jack, and he shut the door.

## MY VALENTINE.

My valentine? Ah let me see,  
My valentine to her!  
A thing of beauty it should be  
To make her pulses stir.

And it should tell her of my love  
As strong as flooding tide;  
As steadfast as the stars above,  
Yet something she can hide.

And it must be a thing of worth,  
And yet not cost too much—  
With money, since my hour of birth,  
I've seldom been in touch.

I have it, yes, I'll send it in  
Parenthesis like this ( ).  
I'll save my little store of tin  
And send my love a kiss.

Tom Hall.



### SHE KNEW.

Chapleigh; (angrily)—Some one has been telling you that I am a fool.

Perdita—No, honor bright. I guessed it.

### HELLO CENTRAL!

Of all the voices that most delight  
There is one that is soft and sweet and low,  
Whose call I obey, be it day or night,  
To whose cheery cadence and lyrical flow  
Full many a cherished moment I owe,  
Although its owner I never have known,  
But 'tis mine to hear it each hour or so;  
The musical voice of the girl at the 'phone.

She asks "What number?" in tones that might  
Be arrows stolen from Cupid's bow.  
For all of my senses they excite  
And pervade with a subtle lingering glow,  
And I feel I would give the world to know  
And claim its source for my very own—  
And I will if it gives me but half a show—  
The musical voice of the girl at the 'phone.

She must be beautiful, loving and bright.  
With a heart both tender and free, I trow,  
And I know she is young with a figure slight,  
For these two items she'd deigned to bestow.  
But further than this I'm forbidden to go—  
For the rest I must forage in fancy's zone—  
While dearer daily its accents grow,  
The musical voice of the girl at the 'phone.

#### *L'envoi.*

Prince: Dan Cupid, our direst foe,  
Has never a dart from his quiver thrown  
That could equal this cause of my exquisite woe:  
The musical voice of the girl at the 'phone!

*The Clerk.*



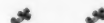
# THE TAIL OF AN ASTUTE APE.

Her Gentle Reminder.

"Grace," he began, "between you and me —"

"Bob," she interrupted, "between you and me there should be nothing."

And what could he do, in face of this, but move up to her end of the sofa?



True Enough.

Brown-Jones—Sir, I understand that you have had the audacity to kiss my daughter.

Ten Broke—You shouldn't kick. You've done it yourself.



He Danced, Corrected.

Tom Barry—Will you dance this waltz with me?

Miss Beacon Street—I'll waltz this dance with you.



A Matter of Dress.

Van Eyster—How do you like the air she puts on?

De Peyster—It makes a very pretty corsage.



Impending  
Peril.

Tit for Tat.

Gobang—Oh, you women are continually talking about your hats. Can't you give a poor man a rest?

Mrs. Gobang—And you men continually talk through your hats. Can't you let them rest?



A Way They Have.

"I understood that their marriage was one of convenience. How did it turn out?"

"Inconvenient."



A Pertinent Query.

Benedick—My wife is the sun of my life.

Bachelor—Makes it hot for you, eh?



Understood the Deity.

Bobbie—I wouldn't a' did it, but I didn't think you'd see me.

His Aunt—But you should have remembered that God would see you.

Bobbie—Oh, I did; but, you see, I knew God wouldn't tell!



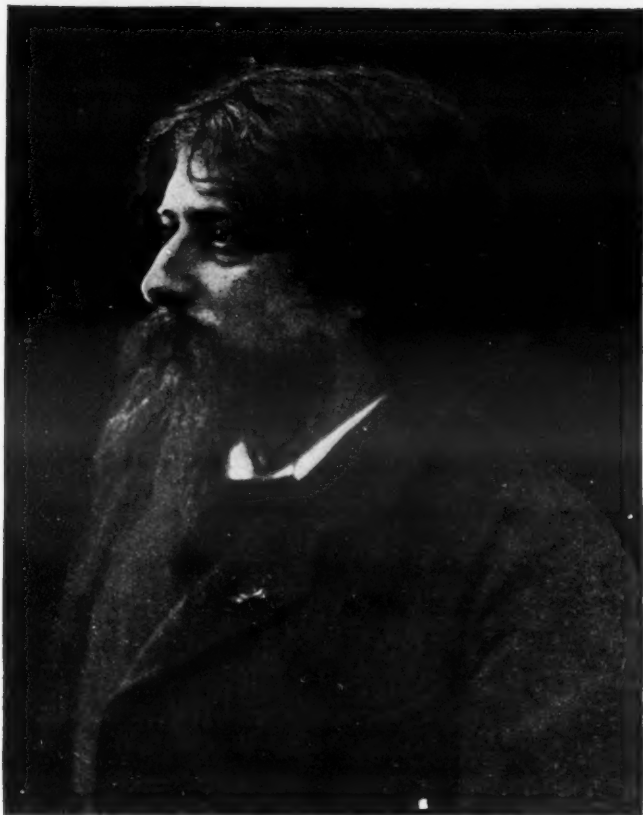
To the  
Rescue.



Another tuck in your queue, another lap of the flame and—



Houp-la!



ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Born at Nîmes, 1840.—Died in Paris, 1897.

Photo by Nadar.

## "LIFE IS NOT A ROMANCE."



GREAT author belongs to all nations as he belongs to all time; and when the throbbing telegraph tells the world that his magic pen has been laid down forever, all nations grieve. So

Daudet is mourned; and so he will ever live revered in the memory of that polyglot populace whose mighty heart he comprehended with such tenderness and truth.

The story of the penniless and almost friendless draper's son, who forty years ago crept into the gay and cruel Paris that soon will be proud to call one of her streets by his name, has been written in all civilized tongues. But the long, cold ride in the third class compartment to the big city, the racking disappointment when he reached it and found his brother, on whom he depended,

almost as wretched as himself, the frightful days of hunger and discouragement that followed, and finally the first pinched successes at which he was later humiliated, all have been described in Daudet's own matchless prose in his "Débuts d'un Homme de Lettres." This is not a popular volume. It has interest only for those who are in literature and are struggling under the fardels; or for those still happier ones who will welcome a dissuasive tonic.

Of the numerous additional and more important works which established the renown of this profound student of human nature and exquisite stylist, perhaps we do not err in assigning to "Sappho" and to "Jack" a particular consideration. Each is a novel with a purpose, each is a fascinating story; and both are insufferable to the prudish

temperament. "Life is not a romance," said the detestable d'Argenton in his melodramatic manner, when he hunted little Jack from his mother's home. Daudet clung to this creed in every novel he gave to the world.

But his pictures while true, are never revolting. His flawless artistic sense could permit no such sacrilege. Concerning the fitness of his stories for promiscuous reading, if we must be scrupulous, what newspaper in this enlightened century and city is proper for promiscuous reading? Are not the lowest of these, because of their cheapness, the after-breakfast food of the youngest wage-earners in our communities? It is the very hiding of certain facts, du Maurier has said with truth, that makes them pernicious. It is the frank telling of things as they exist that stirs in narrow skulls a loathing for what is sometimes loosely called the "French school" of fiction. Nothing is more sure than that the borderland between "bad" books that are harmful and "bad" books that are beneficial to humanity is extremely perilous territory. Talent for portraying real life is a scalpel that in the bungling hand cuts to kill, in the inspired to save.

Daudet is of those geniuses whose books, good or bad, as we may call them, are helpful to a knowledge of life, are an education in language and a fascination in narrative. The deeply evil purpose in his mind when publishing "Sappho" may be discerned in its simple dedication: "To my Son, when he shall have Twenty Years." To be sure it is a picture of Parisian manners and the smug Saxon conscience might mumble that the pitiful plight of Jean Gaussin could happen only in France. A Saxon Jean Gaussin, be convinced, would have married such a woman. She would have deceived and deserted him. Perhaps there would be a child. Divorce would follow—a human misery that has become almost ridiculous; and the child would grow up like a weed. Certainly the French are dreadfully wicked people and one should be happy not to be like them.

What a gallery of human portraits in "Sappho"! Jean, Fanny, Caoudal, Dechelte, de Potter, the Hettemas! All of these except the bovine Hettemas have high intelligence and are yet slaves to weak wills. The Hettemas are stupid as two kitchen stools and live peacefully as stools are wont to do when unmolested by quarrelsome wives and husbands. The continual ineffectual struggle of Jean Gaussin to rid himself of his life incubus is the main theme of the novel; and of all the weak-willed characters so faithfully presented on its pages he is certainly the most pitiful. The book haunts one. It is the profane evangel of youth. It is an

epic of man's lust and frailty, of woman's wiles and faithlessness. One forgets whether it is a story or the outburst of a shattered heart revealed in confidence to oneself.

In "Sappho" we have the exposition of man's debility under the influence of the infernal and celestial enthusiasm of love for a woman. In "Jack" woman's fatuity is shown. "The meeting of the man and the woman—it is to this that every story in the world goes back for its beginning," is the opening sentence of Harold Frederic's "Gloria Mundi." Thus in truth begins the immortal "Jack; the Story of a Workman." Ida de Barancy is dainty, tender and vacillating as Fanny Legrand is virile and passionate. Her love for Jack, her natural son, is deep and unaffected as are false her pretensions to aristocratic lineage. The mother is engrossed in her child until the cold, haughty, sinister form of d'Argenton casts its shade upon her. She falls prostrate in bewilderment and fascination before the Juggernaut.

The mordant satire of the Moronval School, the pathetic pastel of the royal slavey, King Madou-Ghezo, Jack's escape from school and long tramp through the night, his taking in at his mother's house, can we ever forget these scenes? We cannot forget the heart-rending career of frail Jack as an ironworker and stoker, the mother's eternal worship of HIM, despot, misanthrope, egoist, above all, Failure. Nor can we forget sweet Cecile, good Dr. Rivals, or Belisaire, the lowly and lovable hat-peddler.

If the final scene of this touching masterpiece which clears little Jack of all pain and woe can never fade from our remembrance, what must have been the anguish and remorse of that mother whose reproach it all was, when she rushed to the hospital cot to find him dead?

Yet Jack loved his mother even in the degradation and misery into which she had plunged him. After all, she was a poor, pretty, weak creature, with no guide save her unfathomable heart. Who would refuse love and forgiveness to his mother? Therein lies one of the beautiful lessons of "Jack; the Story of a Workman."

The paltry recompense of genius for what it gives to this necessarily material world is a trite theme of moralists. But if, as it is sometimes said, those who have penetrated beyond the veil have the power to read our hearts, then the affection with which generation after generation regards the personages they have bodied forth to move, instruct and delight mankind, must be an everlasting joy to the giants of intellect who yielded up their life-blood to the calls of inspiration.

Richard Duffy.

## 'RASTUS'S REASON WHY.

A Southern clergyman was asked to officiate at a colored wedding not long ago.

"An' Masser Preacher," 'Rastus had said, "Uf you'll pe'fohm a faine ce'emony, jes' laike yer woould fer whaite folkses, I'll guv yer faive dolla's, shu'h 'nuff."

"All right," assented the clergyman.

"But it mus' be a shu'h 'nuff whaite folkses ce'emony, Masser Preacher!" reiterated 'Rastus.

"Very well," said the minister, "I'll give you a sure enough white folks' wedding; but don't you forget your promise, 'Rastus," this with a twinkle in his eyes.

"A'll not fergit Masser Preacher," said 'Rastus, as he ambled off, "A'll not fergit."

So, later, when the wedding took place, the clergyman took especial care to put in all the form he could think of, and strung the ceremony out as long as possible in order to give entire satisfaction; and at last, having reached the end of his resources, pronounced them man and wife.

Just before leaving the church the groom put an envelope in the minister's hand, which he did not open until he reached home. He then found it contained only a single dollar bill.

Not long after this he met 'Rastus face to face.

"Look here, 'Rastus," he said, "I thought you promised if I gave you a real bang up white folks' wedding, you'd give me five dollars."

"Yas'r," replied 'Rastus imperturbably.

"Well," went on the minister, "when I reached home I only found a dollar in the envelope. You know what happens to sinners, 'Rastus?"

"Yas'r," replied 'Rastus, just as he had before.

"Well, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the minister, surprised at the calm way in which he took the matter.

"Well, suh," said 'Rastus. "You promise laike it wuz gwine ter be a real whaite folkses ce'emony suh!"

"Well, didn't I read the marriage ceremony about three times for you?" demanded the minister.

"Yas'r," acquiesced 'Rastus calmly.

"And didn't I invoke a blessing on the bride that lasted nearly half an hour?"

"Yoh did dat, suh," admitted 'Rastus.

"And didn't I invoke another blessing on you both that lasted nearly another half hour?" again demanded the minister.

"Yas'r, yoh did dat suh," admitted 'Rastus as before.

"Well," said the minister, all the time good-humoredly, "What more could I have done to make it like a white folks' wedding? I don't think you ever saw a real white folks' wedding!"

"Yas'r," replied 'Rastus, "'Deed I has!"

"Well then," said the minister, "if you've seen a real white folks' wedding, what was there missing in yours? Why didn't you give me the five dollars as you promised?"

"Well, suh," said 'Rastus, slowly, but eagerly, looking owl-like in his wisdom, "yoh don pe'fohm a faine ce'emony suh; a faine ce'emony, an' jes' laike de whaite folkseses weddin' o'ny 'xcep' foh one t'ing. Yas'r;" and he shook his woolly head. "On'y fer one t'ing, suh! Yoh don fergot to kiss de bride."

*The Best Man.*

## CARRIERS.

Snugly ensconced in my card-case I carry

A curled lock of raven black hair.

No doubt you surmise it,

I value it and prize it—

I watch it and guard it with care.

And in my heart a fair picture I carry:—

No need to ask "Why?" or "What for?"

It's such easy guessing,

No need of confessing

Th: picture's the girl I adore.

And,—while both lock and the picture I carry,

Of carrying she, isn't free.—

The fact is that daily,

She carries on gayly,

With one she likes better than me.—*Edward Jeldell.*

## THE BOLDINI PORTRAITS.

**N**OT very many years ago there was a painter, who had learned so thoroughly the lesson of precarious livelihood to be eked out by palette and brush, that he determined no son of his should be allowed any encouragement of hereditary art instincts. He therefore kept his heir busily at school where he might secure a grounding in the principles of the much more compensating career of business.

The father was constantly at his work, and so did not observe that his young hopeful spent most of his time after school in the garret of his home. One day he happened to climb to this dusty eerie and stood stock-still almost before he had crossed the threshold. In the middle of the garret stood a half-finished painting of a scene from *Ivanhoe*. His quick and experienced eye discovered merit in the effort, amateurish as it was in detail. He lost no time in showing it to some friends in his studio, where this emergency committee of judges was suddenly disturbed by the entry of the artist under consideration, whose fame to-day is world-wide. Such was Jean Boldini's début. Then and there his sire promised him an education in the art for which he showed such natural aptitude; and he adhered to his promise.

But Boldini did not gain at a leap the enviable position he holds to-day as a portrait painter. For many years he devoted his talent to landscape, confining

himself to such a limited breadth of canvas, that his paintings were almost miniature and yet perfect with an elaboration of detail. It was after his introduction to the best circles in London that his reputation for portraits began to spread. In this splendid and influential capital his career was as brilliant as it was short. For, he soon came to hold the same opinion as had Lord Brougham, that "everybody would live in London if it were not for

the climate." The ardent and sensitive son of the land of skies could not long abide the gloom of London weather. He escaped to Paris, the natural haven of all artists. Here he settled down to a quarter of a century of hard work, ere attaining the mastery of his art as exemplified in the paintings exhibited this winter at the Boussod, Valadon galleries. He has come hither in person to look after his interests and Americans, while having been long acquainted with his work, find the man himself as much of an Italian as McNeil. Whistler is an American.



Photo by Sarony.

BOLDINI.

The portrait of the latter gentleman is one of the most fascinating in the collection. It reveals the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" as, it might be fancied, he would desire to be seen. In this, as in all his portraits of men and women, Boldini seems to paint the soul of the subject through his superb mastery of individual expression, gesture and pose. The women here represented are full of life, grace and womanhood, not indeed of the Madonna type, but such



PRINCESS PONIATOWSKI.

Painted by Boldini.

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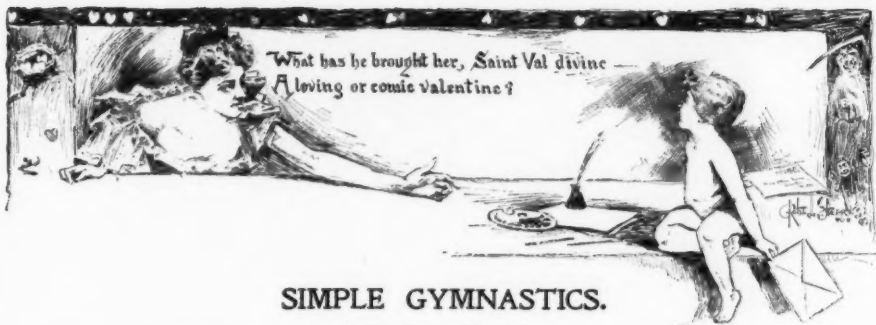


MISS CONCHA.

(Painted by Boldini.)

as the women are in Boldini's sphere. His portrait of the Princess Poniatowski, formerly Miss Beth Sperry, of California, has evoked especial comment. The pose has been called striking, but unnatural, unconventional, etc. But it is just the pose likely to be affected by a woman sure of a beautiful profile, a fine hand and a perfect arm, when she pretends to be interested in some distant trifle because she feels she is observed. One does not quarrel with the beauty for this goodly display of her charms. One does as the observer, one admires. In the catching of this dainty posture Boldini discovers a rare element to the success of his art.

The portrait of Miss Concha has less of witchery and more winsomeness than the preceding. The folds of her hood and cloak are movingly portrayed. The hands disclose a repetition of Boldini's fondness for really tapering fingers. The pose in entirety is properly modest, nay, timid, in consonance with the sweetness and purity of the face. The later portraits of the collection, among which are those of Stanford White, Mrs. Henry Poor and Elsie de Wolfe, equal these in brilliance and boldness. One satisfaction felt after viewing the Boldini portraits is that the artist paints none but intelligent people—or paints them intelligent.—*The Roamer*.



## SIMPLE GYMNASTICS.

How foolish it is in one who wishes to develop the muscles and acquire ease and grace of action to waste money on dumb bells, Indian clubs, horizontal bars, parallel bars and all that sort of thing. How silly to purchase books of instruction or attend gymnastic classes. All can be accomplished at home without any apparatus whatever.

Here are a few choice motions:

Lie at full length on the floor. Then with the heels as a pivot raise yourself to a standing posture by the use only of the minute muscles connecting the joints of your backbone.

Stand on one leg in the centre of the room, poke your head through the transom of the door and your free leg through the key hole; at the same time reaching out through the window with either hand and dallying with the snow that lies upon the ground like a spotless robe. Stand on your head and sharpen a lead pencil with a dull knife, using both hands and your stock of profanity. The latter to develop the lungs.



Foiled.

C. AUGUSTE-TORRES

She—I dreamed last night that you and I went driving.

He—Speaking of dreams, I never knew one to come true in my life.

Lift a scuttle of coal from the floor to the height of your eyes 3,486,697 times in succession, first with one hand and then with the other.

Spread a paper full of tacks about a darkened room, and then promenade in it in your bare feet for a couple of hours. The resultant hopping is excellent for developing the calves.

Sit in an arm chair and listen to the members of the Dorcas society discussing plans to alleviate the suffering of African hyenas who are starving to death from a lack of graves to rob. This to develop your patience.

State a few plain wholesome facts to said Dorcas Society about charity beginning at home (and ending there) for the proper development of the tongue.

Eat three hearty meals a day in order to keep the teeth in good condition.

*The Athlete.*

## TALE OF A TYPEWRITER.

As Recorded by the Documents in the Case.

### Document I.

(Being an advertisement clipped from the *Daily Scoop*.)

"Ratchet & Spacer's Patent Improved Typewriters.

"Best, simplest and cheapest in the world; easy to operate and impossible to get out of order with ordinary care. From sixty to one hundred words a minute written with ease after a few hour's practice. Always ready for use when wanted; the business man's best friend and labor-saver. Why pay \$100 for a cumbersome, high-priced machine when Ratchet & Spacer's simplified and improved typewriter can be had for \$15.00? Address all orders to

"RATCHET & SPACER, MANUFACTURERS,  
"10,999 Broadway, New York City."

### Document II.

(Written with an ordinary steel pen.)

"Nutmeg Corners, Conn., Nov. 1, 189—.

"Messrs. Ratchet & Spacer, "10,999 Broadway, New York City—

"Gentlemen:

"I enclose herewith money order for \$15.00, for which please forward at once, by express, one of your patent improved typewriters, as per advertisement in the *Daily Scoop* of Oct. 30, and oblige,

"Yours truly, "JOHN JONES, J. P. & P. M."

### Document III.

(Partly printed heading and partly typewriting—the latter apparently done on a high-priced machine.)

"RATCHET & SPACER, Typewriter Manufacturers, 10,999 Broadway,  
"New York City, Nov. 3, 189—.

"John Jones, Esq., "Nutmeg Corners, Conn.—

"Dear Sir:

"Your highly esteemed favor of Nov. 1 duly received. Typewriter will be forwarded immediately by express, as ordered, and we trust it will reach you O. K. and give good satisfaction. Soon as you become proficient in operating it we would be greatly pleased to receive your recommendation of our improved typewriter, together with permission to print said recommendation in facsimile in future advertisements.

"Your obliged and obedient servants,

"RATCHET & SPACER, "Manufacturers."

### Document IV.

(Constructed by the aid of the Patent Improved \$15.00 Typewriter.)

"NutMEg cOrNeRS, CoNN., "NoV. 29, 189—.

"MeSSrs: RaTchet & Spacer, "NeW yORk CiTy!

"GenTlemen?—AlthoUgh; I Have had, your imPrOved! tpe-WriTer in my OfFice only ThREe weekS: i find I can oPPerate it, wiTH the gReaTeSt eASE and accuRaCy!

"iT iS of The Gr&at3st SerVice 20 m E—? in my B(sineSS coRResPondence & : i sCaRceLy KnOw how I could g3T a, long wiThout It. I cAN chEErfulLy reCommend yo(R tYPewRit3R to buSineSS men who liKe mySelf haVe beCome! Dis&atSified with the Slow: laBORious & and imP3rfect worK of tHe pEn! i wouLd neT part wiTh tHE im pRoved typEwr;t3R foR 100 doLLar\$ caSH un-LeSS i wAS sURE Of ge7inG a, Nother juSt like iT?

"yourS R3\$Pectf (lly, "jOhn joneS, j. P. & p. M.

"p. S!—It only toOK me a liTTle oveR a,n hOuR; TO ratTle oFF tHe a-Bove (On youR weLL-niGH inDisPenSable mAcHiNe;

"J.j?"

W. S. Gidley.

## THE MORAVIAN MOTHER.

BY

RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

**I**S THE little mother ready for the service?"

The invalid did not reply. She did not even look around. Her eyes, great dark eyes, with darker lids, were staring out through the small diamond panes searching the empty expanse of purplish water to the bleak rocks of bald Kinauk, whose barren, glaciated heights marked the limits of the bay.

"It is the hour for worship. Do you hear, little mother?"

She turned toward the speaker suddenly.

"When do you think she will come?" she asked.

He, too, glanced out across the water and strove to conceal a trembling of his lips beneath a reassuring smile.

"Perhaps to-day—or to-morrow," he answered, with forced cheerfulness; "who knows, but only God?"

"Ah, you are as anxious as I—do not try to conceal it!"

"Why should I be anxious, save for you? There is a great deal of ice this year. More than ever before, the sealers say. The brig has been belated by that; but she will come—oh, yes, she will come. Seventy years has our mission house stood and for seventy years she never has failed to pay us her annual visit."

"Ah, but this time—it means so much—your leave—our child—Oh, I cannot bear——"

"Softly, little mother!" He put his strong arms about her and lifted her gently from her chair to a clumsier one balanced upon wheels and which his own hands had fashioned for her.

"We must go now; they are waiting for us. So! Do not worry about the ship—in God's good time, little mother."

As he trundled her out through the

entrance and down the wide, uncarpeted hall to the door of the little chapel, she repeated, in a low voice, the last words he had uttered: "In God's good time, little mother!"

Was it a promise to her? Yes, it would come in God's good time—this thing for which she was longing, this thing of which she had dreamed for years, and for which she had schemed and plotted. Surely the ship would bring it to her! Yet, the year before she had as confidently looked for it, but to be disappointed. Another such disappointment and—No, she would not think of that now. The ship would surely bring it. She had waited patiently all the year. One year? Not one year, but ten—ten long weary years since her child had been taken from her. He was seven then; he was seventeen now. Soon he would finish the college. It must come now, for next year he might go forth into the world to toil for the heathen's conversion, as his father had done before him. Would he be like his father?

For the first time since entering the chapel her eyes, that had been bent upon her tightly clinched hands, were raised to look about her.

There was nothing new in the picture—the same congregation of dusky Eskimos, the men to the left in their white cotton cassocks and noiseless boots of sealskin, the women and children massed on the right with braided loops of raven hair caught up with bits of ribbon—red ribbon for the maids, blue ribbon for the wives and white for those who were widows.

How fatly contented all of them looked—all of those simple paupers! Yet they were better off than she—all were improvident, most of them starved, or existed upon the mission's bounty during the long, dark winters—but they were

not robbed of their children. And this wife of the chief missionary of the post, tenderly nursed and cared for, envied these ignorant native mothers—envied them their sovereign motherhood, and resented their smug contentment.

With a bitter sigh she turned to the little dais where her husband stood reading from the Scriptures, with the mission's apprentice before him.

He had been just such a girlish-faced lad when they had first met and married. He was taller, and heavily bearded now, and the hairs were not all black ones. She regarded him in quite a new light. Would her boy be like his father? She hoped that he might love her as well—but that was beyond question; otherwise—

There was the muffled report of a gun, as if fired from some great distance, and the missionary paused in the midst of a sentence. The apprentice sprang to his feet and stood as if suddenly turned to stone.

With bated breath, all strained their ears to listen, while the invalid mother half rose from the chair, with nails gripped into the palms of her hands, and eyes that grew strangely brilliant. A moment thus and then:

"It is!" she cried, as a second rumbling report was heard, and sank back into the cushioned seat.

"Rise for the benediction," the missionary requested with emotion; and almost ere he had given it, the doors were flung wide and, with eager shouts of "Gleaner-a-koot! Gleaner-a-koot!" the congregation burst past them and out into the yellow sunshine.

Her husband's hand slipped over hers.

"Did I not tell you, little mother?" he asked, bending over and kissing her. Tears gathered slowly in her eyes. "Shall I wheel you out into the garden?"

"No, no! Take me back to my room," she implored. "I can see there—as well—from the window."

He regarded her curiously a moment, then silently obeyed her.

Once within the security of her chamber, and alone, a strange thing happened. This invalid, who for nearly two years had been wheeled about by her husband, who had scarcely taken a step in his presence without evincing the keenest pain, waited only until the sound of his departing footsteps died away in the echoing hall, and then rose from her chair with impetuous grace, pushed it from her impatiently, and paced back and forth across the narrow room with flashing eyes and pale, set face. Finally she paused by the window, flung the casement open, and drew a deep breath of the cool, bracing air that blew in over a tall, stranded berg upon which the sunlight glistened.



*"The dais where her husband stood reading from the Scriptures—"*

There was pandemonium without; shouts and laughter and firing of guns. Two young natives were wrestling, Eskimo fashion, stretched side by side upon their backs with arms and legs tightly interlocked. At any other time than this a crowd would have gathered and urged them on. Now they received but a passing jeer; the mission ship was coming!

Ah, there was her husband! He came from the store with the society's flag, which was quickly attached to the halliards and by willing hands raised to the top of the mast that stood before the mission. And then, far out past the shimmering berg, beyond the frowning headland of Kinauk where the water was white from the breaking surf, with bright sails swelled by the summer breeze and gay flags flaunting from every mast, yet with the silence of a dream, came the mission ship, "The Gleaner." Into the purple bay she swung, dashing the water from her prow, and one by one the sails were furled, as if by hands of magic, till, rounding up at the anchorage, the helmsman brought her into the wind, and the signal cannon aboard the ship flung its grand note to the echoing hills to tell that she was at anchor.

And the little mother sank back into her chair, repeating softly to herself: "In God's good time, little Mother!"

How long she sat there she did not know. Her thoughts went back to that other time, twenty years before, when the ship that was now anchored in the bay had brought her, a pale, rebellious girl, to wed the unknown missionary; to the time when the ship's captain, too, was young and tall and brave and handsome, and when, had it not been for the inexorable rules by which her church governed and was governed, and for the grace that prompted the voice of their dear old mission priest, who had long since joined his fathers, she might have disobeyed the church, might have gone back with the captain of the mission ship, and would not now have been waiting for the release that——

Ah, but that release was coming! The Bishop's permission to the chief of the post to leave his charge in the wilderness and return across the water, where his invalid wife could receive the skilled treatment of which she stood in such great need. And it was no lie. She was in need; but only in need of the son she had lost; the son whom the Church had stolen, the son she had mourned for ten long years, dreaming of him by day and by night, longing for him with such great love as only a mother's heart can know, only a mother's tongue can tell, or a mother's soul can compass!

What if her illness had been a sham? The mission rule was her excuse, the unjust rule that tore a child from its mother, that carried him off across the sea and taught him to forget her! But he had promised not to forget; and he had not—had she forgotten? Would he not remember as well as she? Yes, yes; a thousand times yes. She could trust him for



—"*Flung the casement open and drew a deep breath of the cool bracing air.*—"



that. A letter was coming from him—the ship had always brought one—to prove that he had not forgotten.

She did not hear the steps in the hall, she did not heed the opening door, nor did she know she was not alone till her husband's arm stole round her neck, and he whispered to her with joyous voice, "the permission has come, little mother. I am to take you across the sea, to make you well and strong once more. I am so glad, little mother!"

"And my boy?" she asked abruptly.

"All is well with him, too. See! Here is his photograph, and here is his letter for you."

She took the picture and gazed at it long, till the hot tears began to gather. Then she kissed it and hid it in the folds of her dress.

"It is God's will," she murmured. "God's will—and he is not angry."

It had been difficult to feign a helplessness through the long months, but now it became a torture. She, who was thrilling with hope assured, whose heavy heart had cast its burden, felt an almost uncontrollable desire to sing, to dance, to leap with joy, and strove to subdue her wild heart throbbings by repeating over and over again "In God's good time, little mother!"

No emotion can be wholly subdued, and for those who may not laugh there are tears. Her tears were not bitter ones and they helped the days and nights to pass—the days that were as months, the nights that were as years to her—till the brig had stored its cargo of furs and oil and trout and salmon, and was ready for its departure.

Not until then was she taken aboard, and as they hoisted her up the side, she laughed to think how well she had kept her secret. She had played against great odds and won; and it was hardly to be expected that she should not exult a little. She had cheated them all, and would reclaim her boy. The thought of him was uppermost, and as the captain greeted her she took no note of his trembling hands, nor did she even remember that this was but the second time in twenty years she had been face to face with him, though the brig had anchored there yearly.

From her chair on the deck she watched the men as they raised the heavy anchor, and every link of the chain that was stowed seemed to make her heart that much lighter. As the sails filled out and the mission house, with its factory and squalid Eskimo huts dwindled to toys in the distance, she gaily kissed her hand to them.

"You are waving a last good-by?" asked the captain.

"I hope it is a last good-by!"

"Then you are glad to leave it?"

"So glad, oh, so glad!"

"You were not happy there?"

"How could I be? I had lost my boy."

"Yes; and you were ill and helpless."

"That would have been nothing"—she paused to laugh at thought of how true the words were. "That would have been nothing, had I my boy. Ah, you cannot know the love for one's child!"

"No—I have never married."

"And why have you never married?"

She regretted the words and would have given much to recall them, but it was too late. His brown face flushed and he bit his lip, for a moment regarding her sternly, then he bent toward her and touched her hand with his. This time she felt it tremble.

"Can you ask me that?" he whispered hoarsely, then turned away quickly and left her.

For a while she sat there in silence. Her husband came with a rug that he tenderly wrapped about her; then he took a book from his pocket.

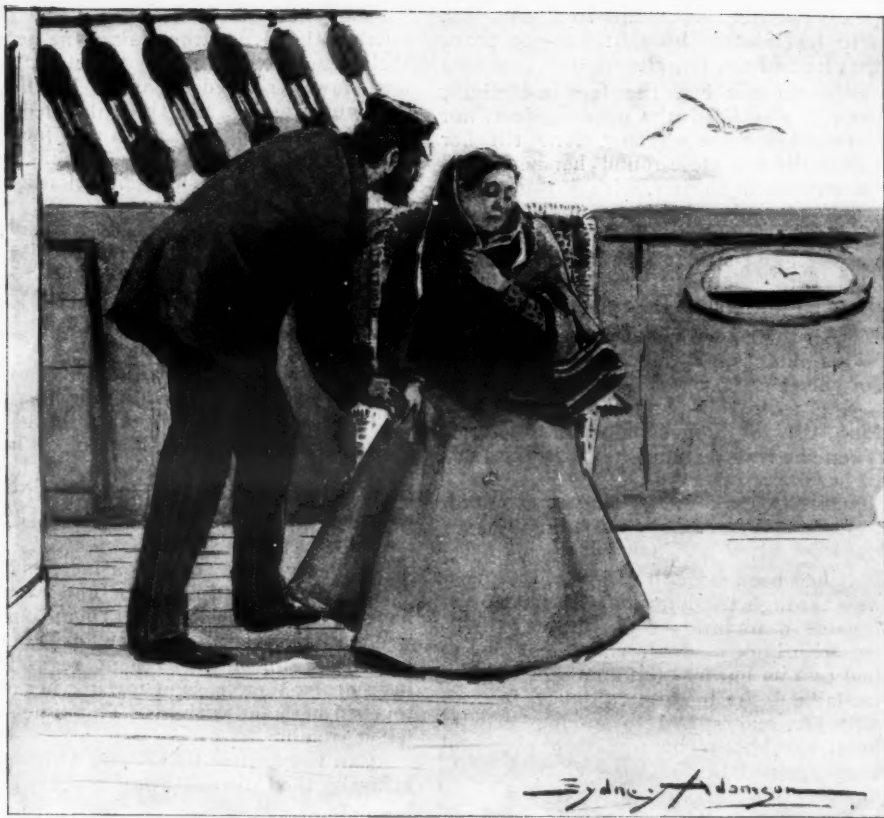
"Shall I read to you, little mother?"

She gave his face a searching glance—no, he had never suspected. Then she replied to his question.

"Not now—not to-day. To-morrow, perhaps."

When he left her, she breathed more freely. The brig sped on for an hour or more between the barren islands. Then the breeze died away to hardly a breath, and the sails flapped idly upon the yards. Two sailors approached lazily and leaned over the bulwarks near her a moment. What was it one of them was saying?

"— for twenty year' and never a voyage yet, mate, 'thout bein' becalmed in this 'tarnal place. I 'member well the first time I seen it. It was the first of



*"I hope it is a last good-bye!" she answered."*

August, twenty year' ago, my lad——"

She started nervously at the date and strained her ears to listen, but the men had lounged out of hearing.

"It was the first of August," she whispered, and turned in her chair to look to the west. Yes, she remembered it all so well. "It is too great a sacrifice," were the words the captain had spoken then, "and there is one who would give——" So he had prefaced what might have led to his declaration of love for her, had she not fled from him. He had been true to that unspoken love; and she had been true to another's. To think of his was a guilty thing; she would lay the remembrance away again in the dust-covered corner of her heart that had been for years its sepulchre.

She hated the sight of those rocky isles, of that calm, mocking, mirror-like water. She would go to her cabin and shut herself in. Obeying the impulse she rose from her chair; then seeing her husband approaching, she shuddered, and sank back into it, for again she remembered the present. What was the past with its Dead Sea fruit compared to the future that would re-unite her child and its yearning mother!

"I saw you rise from your seat just now. I believe you are stronger already. Be brave, little mother; you will soon be well."

Little he knew how brave she had been, nor how strong she had been in the days gone by.

"Yes," she answered, "I soon will be

well. Give me your arm, your strong, true arm, and I think I can gain the cabin."

It was weeks ere she met the captain again. They had weathered a storm and were well across the ocean, ere she ventured to sit with him at table. She had dreaded the meeting, but he greeted her cheerfully, and refrained from aught that might recall the past, which put her quickly at her ease. She had always been a good sailor and she longed for a promenade on the deck. She had missed the stolen exercise that she had enjoyed in her mission-house room. Her husband was confined to his berth. Why should she not indulge herself in at least a breath of the air above? Finally she ventured.

"If you will assist me," she hesitated, "I would like to sit awhile on deck."

"Surely," he responded. He passed his arm around her to carry her up the companion.

"Not that," she said quickly. "My hand on your arm will do as well."

She climbed the stairs with a firm, light step, and the captain looked at her wonderingly. She blushed as she saw his expression and gave a little nervous laugh.

"It is the sea-air, captain. I have grown strong within the last week."

"If you gain thus," the captain replied, "by the time we reach port, you will need no physician."

"I shall need none but my boy. He will be there to meet me. You will touch in at England, you say, and I will send him a message."

The captain studied her blushing face, and then smiled, a little bitterly, perhaps.

"I would not have thought it possible," he said. "No, do not explain; you must love him very dearly."

"Is there a mother who would not?" she answered, half defiantly. Why should she try to further conceal what his intuition had discovered. She longed to confide her secret, and she knew he would not betray it. "Come, I have something to tell you."

"You need not unless you wish to—I think that I can guess it all."

"No one could guess the half of it—the years and years of longing, of dumb rebellion against the fate that has sepa-

rated me from him, my baby, my boy, the only thing I have in life to live for—oh, it was cruel, cruel! And night and day I prayed and planned, but the prayers were never answered, and the plans all went awry—until this. For months that have dragged themselves out to years, I have confined myself to my room, have been wheeled about as a helpless charge—I, who am strong—as strong as you. Do you not think I have suffered? And now—now I have won! I shall reclaim my boy; I shall never let them part us again. God has been kind to me at last, and nothing on earth shall do it."

"But your husband—"

"He must surrender his mission charge, for I shall not go back there with him. Twenty years in the wilderness are surely enough to give up for one's church."

"What would you do if he refused?"

"We have money saved; not a great sum, but it is enough, with my boy's strong arms, to insure a comfortable living. Oh, I have planned it so many times—planned it out—over and over again! Perhaps a small tavern up there in the hills, where the beautiful vines are growing; perhaps a neat little shop in town, with a parlor and living-room back of it, and a broad, clear window seat facing the south, where my flowers will thrive and blossom. And then, perhaps—who knows?—he may become a notary; for has he not been taught at the college? Or, if his bent should lead that way, perhaps an apothecary, to graduate as a physician. Oh, there are many things to do, and we shall be happy—happy at last—so very, very happy!"

This was not her last talk with him. It was but a preface to others, and the days no longer seemed to drag; they slipped away faster and faster. Unconsciously she grew more bold. First, fearfully, in the evening dusk, she took a short promenade with him; then, later, in the broad light of day. And though she spoke of naught but her son, each day she grew more dear to him and his love for her, that had lain in his heart for twenty long and lonely years, grew daily stronger and stronger.

He knew that he would but suffer the more when the dream should end, as end it must with the voyage; but his love was

pure, he would never speak, and he alone was to suffer. Then why should he not enjoy these crumbs that fell from his neighbor's table?

England was reached all too soon for him, and he sent her message for her. Another he sent on his own account, and then busied himself about the ship's affairs till he should receive the answer.

She went ashore with her husband, and, though she leaned heavily on his arm, she told him she needed no other support.

"It was the sea air," she assured him, "and the change, and—and the happiness."

And he was happy also. Thankful because she had gained so much, grateful because they would see their boy—for he had had his own longings, too, though he seldom if ever had voiced them—but happier than all in her happiness. In all the years he had known her he had never seen her so light of heart, so ready to laugh at the smallest jest, so quick to sympathize with all; and never before in all the years had she seemed to him so beautiful.

"I believe I am falling in love with you all over again, little mother," he said. And she looked up at him with an arch smile: "Then, sir, tell me when you fell out!"

The captain only was wretched, for he had received his answer. He watched her with a great pain in his heart that was mingled with a great pity. How should he ever tell her, was the question uppermost in his mind; but the stay in England was over, and the brig's sails were trimmed for the German port, and he had not solved the problem.

After that the chance was denied him. It was a battle with wind and sea through the stormy channel, and along the treacherous Holland coast, and she kept her cabin constantly, while he had his duty to claim him. And he was still in doubt when at last they came to anchor and the seven week's voyage was over.

They were all on deck as the anchor was dropped, and it had barely touched bottom, when a small boat ran alongside,

and the German bishop, with others of the church, came on board to welcome them.

"The voyage has done her a wonderful good," her husband said, after the greeting; "it is hard to think that for quite two years she has been completely helpless."

"Yes, it is true," she hastened to say. "But where is my boy? Why is he not here? He surely received my message?"

"So? You did not know? You have not heard?" questioned the white-haired bishop. "I, myself, informed your captain!"

"Tell me," she cried, "he is not dead?"

"No, no; he is well and strong, little mother; but he has sailed for the missions—the South American missions. Where they will place him I do not know, but somewhere out there he is doing God's work. He is a noble young man, indeed, and will do his work well and bravely."

The mother answered not a word, but her face took on the pallor of death. She swayed and would have fallen, had not the captain caught her. She freed herself from him instantly, turned on him one reproachful look, and disappeared down the companion.

Her husband made his excuses and followed her, but the door was locked. Time and again he tried it, time and again he called to her, with such words of love and comfort as his aching heart could muster. But she would not reply to him in words, though he could hear her sobbing. Finally he went back on deck, where he spent a feverish hour or more conversing with the bishop. Then he ventured again to her cabin. He hesitated before the door, but finally tried it. It yielded and he entered quietly. She was kneeling beside the locker, her head bowed upon her folded hands. He put his arm around her.

"It is God's will, little mother," he said.

"Yes, God's will," she repeated brokenly; "we must go back to our mission!"

## THE BALLADE OF AWAKENING.

I cared not for the violet,  
 Unheeding passed the pleading rose,  
 I noticed not the mignonette,  
 Nor wandered where the hawthorn  
 blows;  
 Nor had I dreams save as those  
 That fade as quickly as they rise;  
 Content with common joys and woes,  
 Until I saw Prue's limpid eyes!

Sweet Fancy never spread her net  
 To trap me with her bubble shows,  
 For life was grim and purpose set  
 From braving buffets Fate bestows;  
 And all the world seemed to oppose  
 And press me back from Fortune's  
 prize;

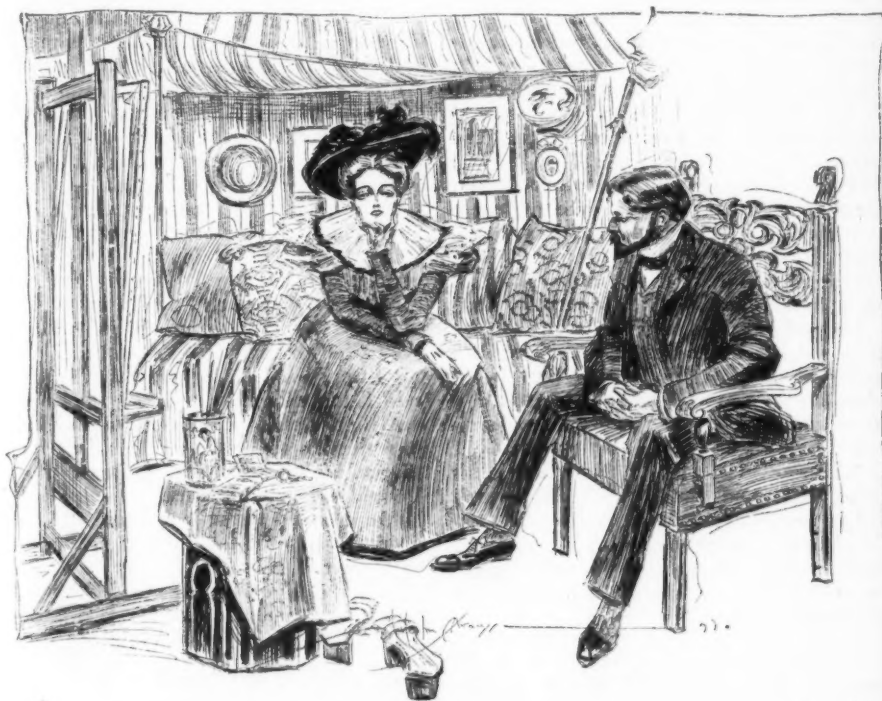
Ambition stalked in chilling prose,  
 Until I saw Prue's limpid eyes!

But now each little rivulet  
 Sings love-songs to me as it flows,  
 I've learned the rose's alphabet  
 And what the violets disclose:  
 Love speaks from every thing that grows,  
 Love whispers to me from the skies;  
 But to these sounds my ears did close,  
 Until I saw Prue's limpid eyes!

*L'Envoi.*

A place as drear as mountain snows,  
 A vacant dwelling swept by sighs,  
 This was my heart, as Love well knows,  
 Until I saw Prue's limpid eyes!

*Harold MacGrath.*



GUESS.

Pauline—So you went to the opera. Did you see the ballet?

Van Ishe—(carelessly)—Oh, only about half of it.

Pauline—Which half?

# THE CHEST OF GOLD.

BY

WILFRID GALT.

**I**N THE early days of the excitement consequent upon the discovery of the new oil regions in Pennsylvania, the editor of a magazine asked me to go out there and get material for an article.

As I had never been in that part of the State, and knew nothing about oil wells, it was quite natural that I should be chosen to enlighten the public upon this subject, and I accepted the commission without a question.

The evening of the following day found me in Huylerville, on the edge of the oil region. The town showed the influence of a boom. There was a certain amount of activity on the streets even after sunset; and from the bar-room of the hotel came a buzz of voices talking the jargon of the oil field.

Outside upon the broad veranda were a dozen or more men, who were evidently new comers in the region, either speculators, or persons who had come to look out for their own interests in land which never had an appreciable value before.

I was about to enter the hotel, for the purpose of determining whether my bed was to be as bad as my supper had been, when a commotion without attracted my attention, and I turned to see a new arrival.

A young man with a New York air about him had just pulled up a queer looking equipage before the door. It consisted of a farm wagon which was no more than a battered box on wheels, and a horse that for dilapidation and age matched the vehicle.

Beside the driver sat an old farmer, who might have stepped out of a comic weekly. I smiled at this queer couple, without a thought that I had ever seen either of them before; and then in a flash I recognized the driver as Arthur Miller.

Miller is a young New Yorker, with a

rich and generous father. I met him about three years ago, on a most melancholy occasion. He had just dropped about twenty thousand of his father's dollars in Wall street, in the course of three hours, and he was not feeling good. However, the elder Miller—when Arthur had the courage to approach him—merely laughed, and said his son would learn the game some day.

From that time I kept up a desultory acquaintance with Miller, and observed with considerable curiosity his attempts to "learn the game." So faithfully had he stuck to his task that I was greatly surprised to see him so far away from it.

Without noticing me as I advanced toward him, he jumped out of the wagon and ran around to the back of it, where he began to pull upon a box that was about the size of a small trunk.

Evidently the contents were very heavy, for Miller could not budge it. The farmer took hold with him, and together they managed to drag it to the back of the wagon; but it was evident to me that they would have trouble if they tried to carry it into the hotel.

"Suppose I lend a hand, Mr. Miller," said I, stepping forward.

Miller jumped when he heard himself so suddenly addressed. Then he turned toward me with evident pleasure, though I could see that his mind was running in half a dozen ways at once, and that my welcome was not for my own sake.

"If you'll be so kind," he said, "I'll be much obliged. I want to get this thing up to my room, and it's heavy—a lot of old books, you know; there's nothing so heavy as books."

I could have told a better lie than that myself if he had left it to me. The idea of his carting around a lot of old books in the wilds of Pennsylvania!

However, I said nothing, but took hold



of the box with a will. We got it to the foot of the stairs and there a strapping fellow who worked about the hotel lent us a hand, and we had no more trouble. The box was presently deposited in Miller's room.

Miller then paid the farmer some money and dismissed him, after making a whispered appointment for next morning.

"And now, old man," he said, turning to me, "let's make a night of it. Delighted to see you, by Jove. We'll have a good long talk—talk all night, if you say so. I'll order up a dozen of wine if there is any— No, by Jingo, I musn't get drunk with this on my hands."

"Miller," said I, "what have you got in that box?"

"Sh—h—!" he whispered. "Don't say a word. It's only some old books—some queer, quaint volumes I picked up in a farm-house. They're——"

I laughed.

Miller looked at me a moment. Then he went to the door and listened. Then he turned upon me suddenly.

"Will you keep still about it, if I let you in?" he demanded.

"Do I look like the town crier?" I returned, amiably.

"I believe you're all right," he answered. "You've never given me away yet, though Heaven knows you've had the chance. But I'm always afraid of you fellows that write. However, here goes!"

He paused for breath. Then he whispered:

"That box is full of gold."

I was on the lookout for another lie; and certainly this statement was one that the most unwary might have questioned.

"Found a gold mine up in the hills?"

I queried, smilingly.

"Not exactly a mine," he rejoined with a wink. "It was what they call a pocket."

In mining parlance, a pocket is an isolated deposit of gold which may be exhausted, perhaps, in a single day's digging.

Miller's manner made me still more incredulous, and yet I knew there was something of importance in the wind.

"Perhaps you'd like to see it?" he continued, glancing back at the door to make sure that it was locked. "But wait a minute. I'll tell you my story first."

He set out a couple of cigars, and bit the end off one of them with a nervous energy that brought his teeth together with a snap so loud as to startle him. I lighted my weed and found a chair. Miller paced the floor. The story which he told came to me in small fragments. Every time he passed me I got a section of it, delivered in a hoarse whisper, but he dared not speak from either end of the room.

Patched up and run together, the story was like this:

"I came up here looking for oil. It happens that I own land in this region. I'm likely to own anything; you know what a confounded job lot my property is."

"For years it's been the custom in our family to will me everything that is queer. I own more stuff and get less income out of it than anybody else on the face of the footstool."

"Well, when this latest oil excitement came up I discovered that I held land out here. It had been neglected, and the back taxes had run up till the State or county or some other government body was likely to nip it at any moment."

"I wouldn't have cared about that, ordinarily, for the land wasn't worth a dollar an acre; but when I learned that oil had been struck out here, why that was different. It was time to look out for my interests."

"So I borrowed a few thousand from my father——"

"That's the ordinary way of opening up one of your schemes, is it not?"

"Right you are; but if he doesn't object, why, I don't know that anybody else has a right to. Well, I got the money and came out here."

"Of course I didn't expect to find a bonanza. I just took the chances on my land being worth something. If it wasn't, I made up my mind to use Wall street methods and dump it on somebody else while the excitement was up."

Miller paused to chuckle.

"I caught my sucker," he continued "before I'd been in this place an hour—found him right on the veranda of this hotel. His name is Hobart, and he owns a little strip of land next to mine."

"He's a simple-minded, good-natured man, with quite a bit of money, which he

can't hang on to. There seemed to be no reason why I shouldn't have some of it while it was going.

"The first evening that I was here I talked over the whole situation with Hobart. He was an enthusiast about the region, and he talked so well about my land that I began to think there might be something there.

"However, I'm too old a bird to build my nest in advance of the season. I just said nothing, and let him do the talking. It struck me that the thing to do was to get an expert to go over my property and find out what it was worth. If he said hold on, why, I'd play it that way; but if he told me that there was nothing in it, I'd load the whole business off on Hobart.

"With this in mind I cleverly questioned Hobart about the oil sharps, and found out who was the best man up here, or at least the man whom Hobart thought best of. It was an old Dutchman named Hofnagel; and let me say, right here, that he knows more about oil-fields in a minute than all the rest of them do in ten years. I didn't care whether he did or not, at first, but he convinced me.

"Well, the next morning after my arrival, Hobart got a rig and drove me out to my land. It's about three miles from town. There's one house on it, and that old fellow that helped us to carry up the box lives there. His name is Merwin. I'd never heard of him before. Certainly he has never paid me any rent.

"He apologized very handsomely for his delinquency, and offered to let me have part of the rent in ham and eggs and flapjacks, if I would live at his house during my stay in this region. I accepted his proposition, knowing that the accommodations couldn't be worse than in this hotel.

"Hobart and I looked over the land in the forenoon. Then he went back to the town, after promising to send out Hofnagel, if he could find him.

"The old Dutchman came about two in the afternoon. He was a grizzled veteran, with a beard like a great bunch of dry grass, and a dialect that was nearly incomprehensible, though he said he'd been in this country twenty years.

"At the first glance I was inclined to

laugh at him, but in two minutes I was willing to bank on his opinion. He knows oil; there's no question about that.

"He went over the land with regular German thoroughness, and not a word would he say till it was all over. What he said then I'll not try to quote in his own words, but the gist of it was that I might sink an oil shaft, and go on sinking it till I came out in China, but I wouldn't strike oil on the way. In short, the land was worthless.

"'Of course this is confidential,' said I.

"'Certainly,' he replied; 'I won't tell anybody but Mr. Hobart.'

"It was laughable. The old fellow was so honest that it took me nearly an hour to get the idea into his head that Hobart mustn't be told. He seemed to feel a responsibility in the matter, since Hobart had been a friend to him, and had put him onto the job.

"But gradually I worked him around where I wanted him. I paid him a fee of three hundred dollars, which was more money than he had ever seen before, and at last I got him to promise not only that he would keep Hobart in the dark, but that he would actually tip him that the land was a good thing, if the chance came right.

"The old rascal did his work well, for the next morning Hobart came out hot foot to buy my land. Of course he pretended not to have seen Hofnagel, but the man is as transparent as glass. I saw right through him.

"Well, we dickered and dickered. When it came to an actual bargain he was sharper than I had supposed he would be. I got only about half as much as I expected out of him, but it was all clear gain, of course. There's no doubt that the land is worthless. I can see that myself.

"Hobart finally agreed to my terms, and then he hurried off to Pittsburg to get his money. It was agreed that I should stay here and negotiate in his interest for a little strip to the north of my land.

"Late yesterday afternoon Hobart came back with a certified check from a Pittsburg bank, and we made the deal right in

this room. I, meanwhile, had fixed up the arrears of taxes, and so we closed the deal."

"After the deal was made," continued Miller, "I rode out to Merwin's house, where I had left a few things. It was also necessary to see him in relation to the sale."

"When I reached the house, I found a queer-looking customer waiting for me. Merwin said that the fellow was a tramp, but that he insisted on seeing me, and seemed really to have business on his mind."

"I had a talk with the fellow. He told the weirdest story that ever I heard. At first I set him down for a lunatic and then for a thief. He admitted that he was an ex-convict."

"When we finally got down to business, and I had given him my word of honor to use him fairly, he produced a scrap of paper and said:

"'Do you know figgers? Kin you do examples and things such as them surveyors do to find out how far it is from one place to another, and all that?'"

"I told him that I knew all about 'figgers.' Then he showed me the paper. It was evidently old, and the ink on it had faded."

"I made out that it was a memorandum of certain distances and directions on my land."

"'I got this,' said he, 'from a man in prison. He was called Cruncher Casey, and he was a bad man. Police knew him all over the United States.'

"'That feller was in with a bad gang. In fact, he was the leader. It was them that cracked the Home Savings Bank in Scranton and worked the whole State westward.'

"'Their specialty was jewelry stores. I'll bet they stole a ton of gold and silver stuff in the five years that they were operating. Then the gang got wound up while doing a job. The police came in on them and there was a big fight. Every member of the gang was badly wounded, and all but Casey and two others died of their injuries.'

"'The three were serving life sentences when I was in that prison. I came to know Casey, who was working the religious dodge—pretending to have been

converted, and all that, in the hope of getting a pardon."

"'He was allowed a good many privileges, and that's how I got the chance of talking with him. He finally gave me this paper, which tells where a lot of gold plate, melted up, is hidden."

"'That gang used to have a cabin in the grove on your land, and that cabin is one of the marks mentioned on that paper."

"'I promised Casey that I would get the stuff, and use half of it in getting him pardoned. But I've been a year finding the place, for I did a little job to get money to live on, and was sent up for it."

"'Now I've found out that Casey is dead, and if I can find that stuff, it's mine. But I can't do the figuring. Besides that, with all the excitement around here, I can't begin digging on your land without running the risk of getting caught and losing all."

"'Now I figure it out that the stuff if found on your land, belongs to you. Nobody could return it to the owners, for it's melted up, and couldn't be identified."

"'If you'll agree to divvy up square I'll let you take this paper and find the place. Then everything will be straight and I'll run no risk.'"

Miller paused a moment after telling the tramp's story, and he eyed me with considerable satisfaction, for it was clear that I regarded the whole story as non-sense.

"'You'd have turned him down wouldn't you?' he said. 'Well, I didn't. There was truth in the man's manner. Besides that, he had absolutely nothing to gain by lying.'

"'I took the paper, and made the necessary calculations, which were simple enough. Then I went around to Merwin's barn, and got a couple of spades and a pick."

"'It was a bright, moonlight night, and favorable to the work. I won't weary you with the details. We found the ruins of the old cabin, and other landmarks. The measurements all fitted with the calculations from the figures on the paper."

"'We fixed upon the right spot, and began to dig. At a depth of less than five feet we came upon a heavy oak box which we at last got upon the surface of

the ground. I don't know how we ever hid it. I pretty nearly broke my back lifting it.

"We went back to Merwin's barn, and got a little hand-cart, and loaded the box onto it. Thus we got it up to the barn, where I lighted a lantern, and made an examination. 'I'll show you what we found.'"

Miller got a hatchet out of one of his handbags, and began very carefully to pry off the top of the box, which lay in the middle of the floor. After ten minutes' work, he disclosed the contents.

It was full of shining golden masses of all shapes, as they had come from the melting pot.

I estimated that that quantity of gold should be worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars; supposing it to be of the ordinary fineness.

"What do you think of it?" said Miller.

I was silent for a moment. Then a thought came to me.

"It appears to me," I said, "that if this stuff rightfully belongs to anybody, Hobart is the man. It was found on his land. Suppose your tramp finds out that you'd sold the land to Hobart. He'll blackmail you for half your share."

"I thought of that," chuckled Miller. "The tramp will give me no trouble. I've bought him out, and he has skipped for Europe."

"What did you pay him?"

"Eighteen thousand cash. It was all the money I had with me, including Hobart's check. I was afraid the fellow wouldn't take it, though I could see that he was very ignorant. Of course the stuff, on any calculation, is worth over and over again what I paid for it."

I handled the golden lumps thoughtfully.

"Suppose this stuff isn't gold?" said I.

"Great Heaven, man!" he cried.

"How can it be anything else? Who'd make the trouble to bury brass? Do you suppose that gang of thieves didn't know what they were stealing and melting down?"

"The whole story may be a fake," said I.

"On the contrary, it may be true. Let's put it to the test."

"How? There's no jeweler in this place."

"I'll show you how. Wait for me here."

It happened that I had seen in the hotel office a pair of very excellent scales. They had been presented to the landlord by a rich man who came fishing in that region, and commemorated his loss of a bet on the weight of a fish. The scales were much too fine to be used for weighing fish. The landlord kept them in a glass case as an ornament.

I succeeded in borrowing them. Of course, I did not expect to perform an accurate operation, but I felt sure of solving the main question.

I selected a lump of the metal weighing about eight pounds. I weighed it carefully, and then suspended it from one end of the scales so that it hung in a pail of water. I noted its weight in that situation. A simple calculation gave me the specific gravity or weight of the metal, as compared to that of an equal bulk of water.

"All that glitters is not gold," said I to Miller. "This stuff doesn't begin to be heavy enough. It's dross, and you're sold."

Miller was pale and trembling. At first he would not accept the result of my experiment. Again and again we tried it, with different pieces from the box. The result was always the same.

At length Miller rose from beside the box.

"Sold!" he cried. "The old gold brick game in a new form! For Heaven's sake don't tell on me!"

I promised, and he seemed much relieved. We discussed his chances of getting his money back.

I held out some hope to him. It happened that Harrison Keith was then in Pittsburg, and about to go East. I thought I had influence enough with him to persuade him to stop over in Huyler-ville long enough to look into Miller's case.

I wired to Keith that evening, and received a favorable response. There was nothing more to be done till he arrived, and so we went to bed and I to sleep.

The next morning Miller came to my door before I was up. To his loud sum-

mons I unlocked the door and he entered, flushed and excited.

"There's a chance to get my money back!" he cried. "The most extraordinary thing has happened.

"A man got me out of bed early, and we had a conversation that made my hair stand on end. He represents a syndicate that is buying up this oil region, and he's dead stuck on getting my land."

"Hobart's land, you mean."

"Suppose I hit Hobart first and buy it back. Why, he only paid me \$9,000, and I've run these fellows up to \$25,000. Just help me find Hobart. I'll give him an advance of two or three thousand. He can't have heard of the syndicate yet."

Well, we had a dizzy race after Hobart. We chased him out into the country and back again, and didn't find him.

But about noon we ran against the agent of the syndicate, smiling and happy.

"Clever, clever, Mr. Miller!" cried he. "So you don't own the land after all."

"What do you mean?" gasped Miller.

"Why, I've just bought the land of Mr. Hobart for \$21,000. The title is all right, I presume. He had straight evidence."

I thought Miller would faint. He revived enough to admit that Hobart had a clear title, and then he led me away in the direction of the hotel bar.

Before we reached that wicked resort we met Harrison Keith, who had just alighted from a train.

I explained the situation to him. He expressed a desire to examine the bogus gold, which he instantly pronounced to be a variety of bronze manufactured in large quantities in Rothmore, Pa., about forty miles from Huylerville. The stuff was worth three cents a pound.

"From the looks of this," said the detective, "I should judge that it was some of their castings melted up. The Rothmore Company make rough castings."

Keith spent little time over the false metal. He secured the best team of horses in the place, and we drove out to the land which Miller had sacrificed.

We went to the hole in the ground, and to the barn. Then, for a reason which I could not understand, Keith wanted to be shown as nearly as possible over the path taken by Miller and Hof-

nagel, when the expert examined the property.

Observing that Keith examined all foot-prints with minute care, I judged that he suspected Hofnagel and the tramp to be identical. But the footprints of the two were not at all similar, so I abandoned that theory.

Keith would give us no information. We drove back to town, and in all the three miles Keith made but one remark relating to the case. Even that seemed very remote, almost ludicrously so.

"There's one point in the case I'd like to clear up," said he. "Can you tell me whether Mr. Hobart is deaf in his left ear?"

"Well!" exclaimed Miller. "I've heard that you were great for asking absurd questions, and making use of the answers, but this is too much. However, it's a fact that he is. I noticed it in the course of conversation. But what has that got to do with the case, and how do you know it?"

"This oil region has a great future," responded the detective. "It's a pity you didn't hang on to your land."

We couldn't get him back to the case. When we reached town, he sent a great number of telegrams, and then announced that there was nothing to do but wait.

Nothing happened during the day, but in the morning a police officer arrived from Pittsburg, having a prisoner in charge, whom he delivered to Keith. That prisoner was Hobart.

"Mr. Hobart," said the detective, as we were all assembled in one room, "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before, but I have heard of you often. Let me say, in beginning, that shearing lambs is a profitable but unsafe operation."

"What do you mean?" demanded Hobart.

"Simply that the process by which you got that land away from Mr. Miller will stand investigation in the courts. Of course I am fully aware of the circumstances connected with Hofnagel's report, and of your own advance information regarding the intentions of the syndicate."

"By the eternal hills!" exclaimed Miller. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr.



Keith, that the Hofnagel business was a put up job?"

"Precisely. He made his unfavorable report to you in this man's interests."

Miller ground his teeth.

"And I bribed him not to tell," he groaned.

"The facts are even worse than you suppose," said Keith. "As a matter of fact, you bribed Hofnagel not to tell himself."

"What?"

"Hofnagel and Hobart are identical. You were fooled by a disguise."

Miller's jaw dropped, and Hobart looked as black as a thunder-cloud.

"Under the circumstances," continued Keith, "I think it would be better, Hobart, for you to give Mr. Miller his money."

"What's this?" cried Miller. "You mean the money he got from the syndicate?"

"No; the courts must settle that."

"But, he has no other money of mine!"

"My dear fellow," said Keith, with a smile, "is it possible that you do not recognize your late partner in the search for treasure—the tramp and ex-convict who was not good at figures, and needed help in trigonometry?"

Miller was speechless.

"Keith," I cried, "is it possible that Hobart worked the whole of this game alone?"

"Ask him."

Hobart's reply was a growl.

"It's clear to me," said the detective, "that the box of gold was a sudden inspiration. When he pretended to go to Pittsburg for that check, he really went to Rothmore for his shining dross. I have received a telegram from there. In conclusion let me say that Hobart is one of the best known confidence men in the United States. I have no doubt his certified check was bogus, and I commend

him for the shrewdness with which he got it back. Of course, it can never appear as evidence now.

"Yes, Hobart is a great man. If he were not a little deaf in one ear he might now be quite free, and with lots of money in his pocket."

"What's his ear got to do with it?" cried Miller. "And how, in Heaven's name, did you know that these three were one?"

"Your questions, like their personalities, are one," said Keith. "I knew them by that ear. To be plain, I happened to notice in the foot-prints in the place where you and the tramp had your first conversation, that he turned his right side to you instead of facing you.

"I traced you to another place and a third. It was always the same. Then we struck Hofnagel's trail. He, too, had a habit of presenting his right ear to any person with whom he was in conversation. The coincidence struck me as remarkable, and so I asked my question about Hobart.

Having learned of his slight deafness I was able to identify him at once. The description had excited my suspicion. I telegraphed for him far and wide, and he was caught in Pittsburg.

"Hobart is a new name for him, by the way. He is an Irishman, and was born a Casey."

I may say that Miller declined to prosecute or give evidence. Harrison Keith did not press the case, but left it to the local authorities, who will never do anything.

As for Miller, he got back the money he had paid for the bogus gold and obtained a share of the syndicate purchase money, and was satisfied.

So was Casey, alias Hobart, who made more than ten thousand dollars out of the job.





## BOYS.

Having a rather personal interest in the subject (I am the half owner of a boy and was one myself once) I have been canvassing the town for opinions concerning them, and advice as to the proper treatment of them during the more immature years of their life. I grieve to say that my own opinion, that they are more of a nuisance than less, is confirmed in almost every quarter.

Miss Diana Autumn, a maiden lady who lives up at the corner, says they are wholly and entirely bad *ab initio* and grow worse in geometrical ratio as they grow older, attaining an infinity of badness when they reach manhood, after which the human mind cannot appreciate the increments of evil that are added to their make-up. There is no hope for them.

A mother of seven, whom I visited, sighed wearily, and wished that all boys could be girls until they were twenty one, and that all girls could be boys after they were twenty-one. I left, promising to see that her wishes were attended to.

A lawyer of prominence told me that boys should be put in a barrel at the age of six years and fed through the bung hole until they were sixteen. I told him I thought that pretty good advice, and he entered up a charge of \$10 against me for the same.

Percival Applejack, a fine old bachelor of means, coincided with the opinion of the lawyer, differing only in one particular. He said it was all right to keep the boy in a barrel and feed him through the bung hole until he was sixteen; but added that when the boy arrived at the age of sixteen you should drive in the bung.

My pretty friend Puss, a young lady of pronounced ideas declared that none of these people were right. She said it was all right to put the boy in the barrel and feed him through the bung hole but that after a certain age (say after his mustache had achieved a certain prominence and was discernible to the unclad eye) the boy should be liberated.

I like to be fair to all parties concerned, so I went last to the boys themselves and laid the matter before them. They did not seem to care very much what any of the foregoing parties had said, saving, only, pretty Puss.

I really believe the boys are right.

*The Parent.*



A Repulsive Practice.

Thirsty Thornton—Say, wouldn't yer like to be president of some big corporation.

Soiled Sammy—Naw, I wouldn't! Dey water de stock.

### AT THE BAR.

It was a solemn scene.

The prisoner, tried by a jury of his peers, stood before the judge convicted of murder in the first degree.

The trial had been long and thorough, and no doubt or no detail had been neglected by those charged with meting out to the offender the most perfect justice.

The verdict was: Guilty.

The judge looked upon the prisoner.

"Have you anything to say," said the court, solemnly, "why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?"

The condemned man coughed slightly and lifted his eyes from the floor.

"Well, your honor," he answered, "I have a good deal to say, but I suppose under the circumstances there's not much use of my saying it, so go ahead.

*The Attorney.*



PRESS ROOM, BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

## BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY C. B. CLINDINST.

**O**NE of the most interesting of the government departments at Washington is the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It is there that all government bonds, securities, paper money, and United States revenue and postage stamps are made.

The paper upon which they are printed is made at Dalton, Mass. From there it is sent directly to the Treasury Department, and thence to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

The printer draws a certain amount of paper each morning, for which he and his assistant give a receipt. Four notes are printed on one sheet, the back being printed first. The presses are worked by hand, and have automatic registers on them.

The printer is held responsible for every sheet of paper that he receives, and

after working hours are over his press must register the exact number of sheets for which he gave his receipt in the morning. If the two correspond, he is given a pass to leave the building; but if one sheet be missing, it is charged to his account, according to the denomination of the bill he is working on; that is to say, if he is working on fifty-dollar bills, he is charged with one sheet which contains four impressions, and two hundred dollars is deducted from his pay.

In divisions where no person is responsible, the entire division is detained if the smallest piece of paper is missing, and it must be accounted for before any one is allowed to leave the building.

After leaving the printer's hands the money goes to the examining division, where, if the slightest imperfection is discovered in any one of the four impressions, the whole sheet is discarded for the



HAND-PRESS PRINTERS AT WORK ON FIFTY-DOLLAR BILLS.

macerator. If perfect, it is then sent to the sizing division. It is this process that makes it crisp.

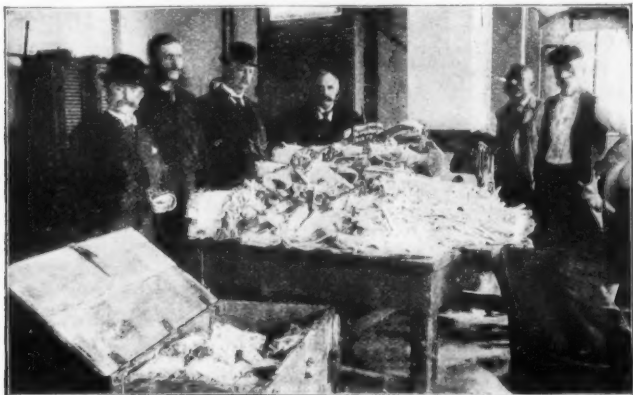
After this it is numbered in the numbering division, from which it is received by the packers, who place it in packages of one thousand sheets each. These packages are placed in the vault, and from there they are sent to the Treasury Department, to be signed and sealed, after which it is known as that commodity oftentimes called the "root of all evil."

During its trip through the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the money has been counted fifty-two times. About two million dollars are printed daily, and there is kept, in the vaults of this bureau,

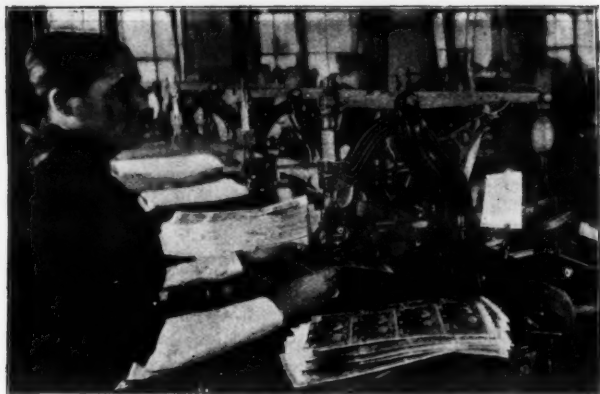
a surplus stock of from four hundred to six hundred million dollars.

The division where are printed the postage stamps is operated very much in the same way as the money division. The stamps, however, are printed on fine steam presses, and four hundred are printed on one sheet with one impression. The gumming is done by an electric machine. There are ten million printed daily, with a capacity of thirty million.

The maceration of old money is something of which the general public know very little. When money becomes too much worn or torn for further use, it is sent to the Treasury Department. From there it is taken (accompanied by



MACERATING MACHINE. COMMITTEE FROM TREASURY STANDING BY TO SEE MONEY DESTROYED.



NUMBERING NOTES, BY STEAM PRESSES.

five officials) to the macerating room. Here it is placed on a long table and then put into the macerator, where it is ground for two days, and is then sent to paper mills to be converted into heavy wrapping paper.

People little think that at times they may have wrapped a package with what was once two or three hundred thousand dollars.

The bureau is well guarded at night

by watchmen, who are to be found every few steps, and who have to ring electric bells every five minutes, which notifies those in the chief's office that everything is all right. There are about sixteen hundred people employed at the bureau. Visitors are shown through only two or three departments from the hours of 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., but a glimpse of these would well repay a visit to the bureau.



PRINTING UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

## CHOICE ADVICE FOR CHOLLY.

Under this heading the Editor of the *Ladies Grown Journal* will answer anything but a proposition of marriage. Enclose a \$5 bill with each question as a contribution to the Editor's Personal Charity which commences at his residence next week (and will remain there).

Bertie.—It is not effeminate to take a bath. The man who told you that it was is a despicable being, so there! Certainly he is an untrustworthy authority.

A and B.—We acknowledge the receipt of the stake money amounting to \$50 in your bet, and accept the appointment as stakeholder and referee, you both lose. The Editor wins. Don't you want to buy a dozen of our photographs at \$1 each?

Willieboy.—You should never go out without a chaperon. She should be young, stylish and good looking, with a fondness for the theatre and refreshments. She should also have a penchant for diamonds—or you would have a perfect right to bring her before a sanity commission.

Trusted Cashier.—Yes, bracelets are worn by men quite often. They are made of steel. The fashion was started some time ago at Sing Sing. Neckties of hemp, however, are no longer *de rigueur* (the last word is pronounced "rigger").

Ambitious.—You can learn French without a master by patronizing a fifty-cent *table d'hôte* restaurant, almost anywhere in New York, but especially in the Borough of Manhattan.

Dickey.—Marriage ties will be worn this season as usual. Not, however, if your sweetheart's father gives you a couple of cuffs when you ask for her hand. That would be a hollow mockery.

Softleigh.—Yes the marriage rite is decidedly a woman's right. Try it and you'll know all about it.

Gotham.—Experience tells us that it is easier to talk through a new silk hat than a seedy old one. Yes, you may put your name in your hat, but if it is a new one and of good make we would prefer that you put our name in it.

*The Chaffer.*

## THE NATIONAL DEFENCE.

Nothing is of more importance than the national defence. We have been on the verge of a war with several European wars to say nothing of existing wars with our wives and engagements with our girls, and it is time that we looked carefully around, and discovered some method of defending ourselves from an invading enemy.

The most sensible thing that we can do, perhaps, is to marry off all the invading officers to American heiresses. This would be rather rough on the officers and perhaps they would insist on being exchanged after the cessation of hostilities, but it would effectually guard against invasion and send the invading army back to its home across the sea helter-skelter.

There are many other things we could do, though. For instance we could send all our mercantile drummers amongst the invaders and sell them so many goods that they would become bankrupt. Or we could induce them to buy their arms and armor plate of American manufacturers, in which case they would be useless. Or we could turn the newspaper reporters of the country loose on them and interview them to death. Or we could hand them over to the Wall street operators and swindle them out of everything they possess. Or we could feed them on good wholesome American food until they all had the gout.

Again we could quarter them in our first class American hotels, and let them remain a day or so. After that you could not drive them out to fight. Or we could feed them on American pie until they all had the dyspepsia and couldn't fight to save themselves. Or—but why continue. There are oceans of things we could do, and in the last desperate extremity there are enough able-bodied, patriotic men quietly minding their own business in these broad and fertile acres that belong to Uncle Sam to thrash all the uniformed spindle-shanked sycophants to royalty in creation and don't forget it.

*The Patriot.*

## A MOTHER'S MURMUR.

Of course I knowed when I told John  
That I would marry him,  
'Twas goin' to be hard work, but 'twan't  
No better show with Jim,  
Nor Hiram nor the other ones,  
For cash was mighty slim.

And work was what we had to do—  
But somehow as the years  
Keeps comin' round, it seems to me  
I've got the other's sheers  
To do, and though I work all time  
I sometimes have my fears

That John don't think I do enough;  
And sometimes when I scold  
The children kind of seems to think  
That they ought not be told  
To do a thing; and ef I rest,  
'They say I'm gittin' old.

Perhaps I am; folks do git old;  
But some day when I'm done  
Down here, and go to my reward,  
Beyond the shinin' sun;  
'I'm hopin' that the Lord won't say,  
As I come walkin' through  
The everlastin' golden gates  
That swings out in the blue,  
"There's mother comin; go ask her,  
She ain't got much to do."

*W. J. Lampton.*



### One On Him.

Jones-Brown—Well, you were  
bound to get married.

His Wife—Yes, and I got bound  
in calf.

### Injustice.

Thirsty Theophilus—Dat art-  
ist feller wanted me ter pose fer  
him wid a empty bottle in me  
hand.

Weary Willie—Why didn't  
yer do it? Dat ain't work.

Thirsty Theophilus—De  
blame lobster wouldn't let me  
empty de bottle. He went an'  
done it hisself.

### Relegated.

The Doctor—I can remem-  
ber when we used to bleed  
patients with a lance.

The Patient—But I suppose  
you find the modern bill more  
efficient.



### Sad.

Mamma—Don't cry, Tommy. I'll give you some  
more cake.

Tommy—But, I—boo-boo—can't eat any more.



## AN ATTEMPT AT DICTATION.

It was an innovation in my life, but one I hailed with joy. I had long looked forward to the day when I could sit with my aristocratic feet on my desk, lean back in my chair, pull away at my corn cob pipe and dictate reams of popular humor to a fair creature thumping the typewriter at my side. I had often thought of this and dreamed about it. There would be moments, of course, when we would stop to rest, and then my hand would steal coily about her waist and she would lay her golden-haired head on my manly shoulder and sigh in contentment. To be loved by a great man is everything to a woman—everything but diamonds. It was a fond, foolish dream, but now it was realized. There she was sitting at the machine, and here I was lolling at my desk with tobacco handy at my elbow.

I wanted to begin the arm action I spoke of just now, at the very beginning, but I thought better of it. She would undoubtedly expect me to be more business-like. So I reached around and got a thought out of the waste basket and began.

"I will now dictate to you," I said.

"You! what?????" she cried, jumping up from her typewriter with every indication of anger.

"I said I would dictate to you," I repeated, reaching for her *svelte* waist in vain.

"Don't get excited. Just sit down at the machine and let my soft, translucent words drip like honey into your shell-like ears and filter out like nectar double refined from the tips of your pink little fingers."

"Let you dictate to me!" she continued with a look of supreme amazement.

"Certainly," I answered. "That's the idea exactly."

"You?" she continued, eyeing me curiously, as though I were some new form of wild beast.

"The same," I replied.

"Well, I don't think," she answered. "I might have been fool enough to agree to help you in your work, but you have never dictated to me yet, and you shall not begin now. That settles the matter for all time." And to make assurance double sure she pitched my typewriter through the window into the yard of the disagreeable neighbor who keeps a dog, turned over my desk, emptied the waste basket on my venerable head, and went down stairs with the acknowledged intention of getting the rolling pin and resuming operations later.

But I locked the door in time and had her pass my meals through the keyhole for the remainder of the week.

That was the beginning and the end of my wife's attempt to act as my amanuensis.

*The Husband.*



Plenty of Time.

"His hair turned white in a single night."

"Really? From fright, I suppose."

"Yes, from several of them. You see it was in Alaska where the night was six months long."

## SUBMARINE NAVIGATION ACCOMPLISHED.

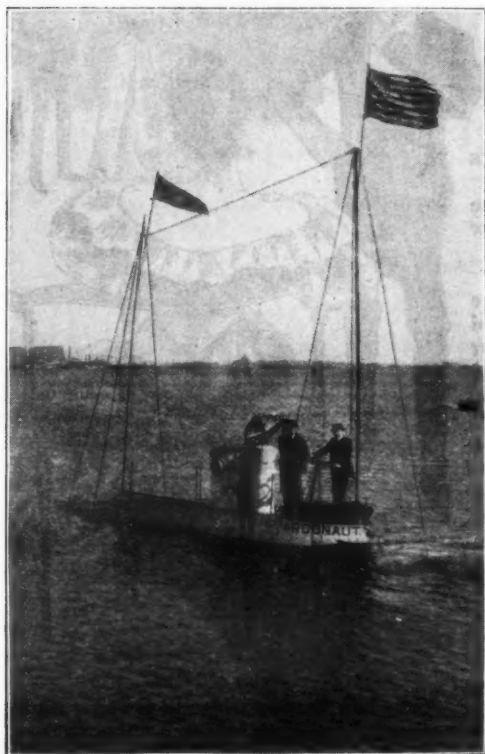


NAVIGATION beneath the sea is no longer a vision or an experiment—it is a fact. The problem of controlling a boat with the same certainty beneath the waves as above them has been solved, and the safety of the navigator in the newly perfected craft is even more assured than in a vessel of the types common on all waters.

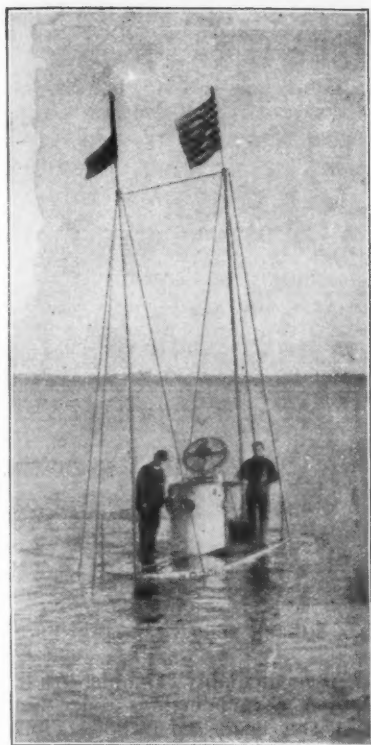
The "Argonaut" is the practical craft that stands as the result of fourteen years' work of its inventor, Simon Lake, and is but the leader of many soon to follow. She was built in Baltimore, and is thirty-six feet in length and about twelve beam and deep, and in shape resembles a blunt cigar, or an elongated watermelon

with sharp ends, her flat back surmounted by a cheese box painted white and containing four eyes. At each end is a slender mast, the hinder one hollow, and the wheel, controllable from either on deck or within, is placed well aft. A rail surmounts the small, flat deck. The motive power is a gasoline engine of thirty horse power, operating a single propellor, and capable of driving the boat at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, this speed being considered sufficient for commercial purposes. On December 18th was given a practical demonstration of the capabilities of the boat, and the accompanying photographs made while she was performing her evolutions. As she lay in the bay

off the dock in the city of her birth, historic Fort McHenry looking across the water in the distance, all that could be seen was a red line marking her deck, the white conning tower with its glass eyes, and a slender mast fore and aft, from each of which floated a small flag. A party of ten men were rowed out and went aboard descending into the depths, through the white tower. The engine started up, and the boat moved through the water, three-fourths of her bulk being submerged, the inventor above deck at the wheel. She described a graceful circle four or five hundred yards in diameter, her red and white deck just awash, then paused and backed around the curve, showing that the engineer had perfect control of her course. The inventor then entered the tower, closing the hatch, and the queer vessel once more started ahead, slowly sinking until nothing was visible save the two masts and the flags, which continued around the circle. The pop of the engine could be heard, and misty puffs of pale smoke escaped from the top of the rear mast. This hollow piece of steel contains an automatic valve which closes when the vessel sinks to a certain depth, and the



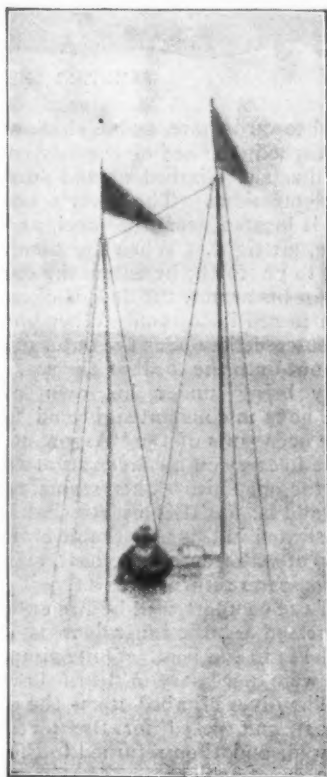
SPEEDING.



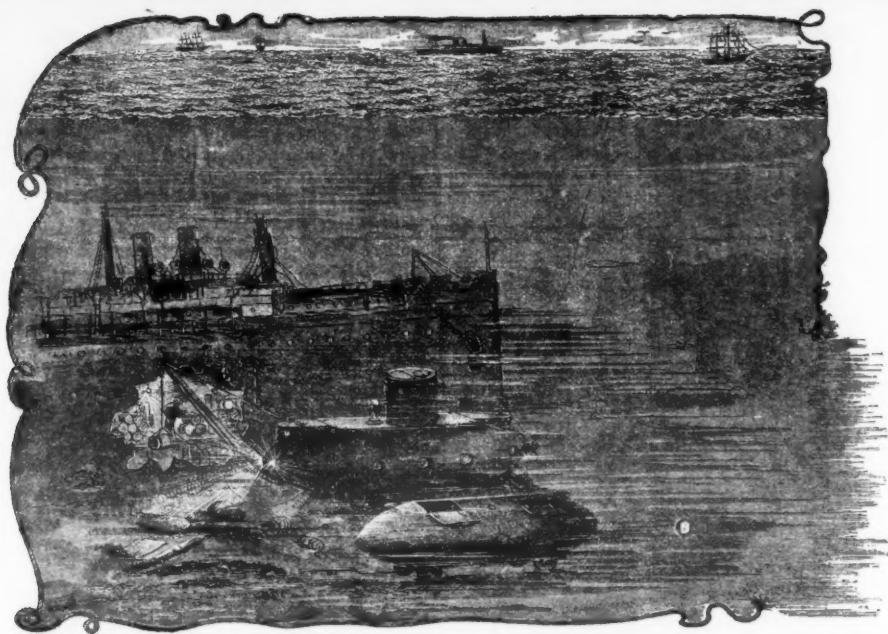
AWASH

engine is supplied by air of its own compression. The present vessel was built to withstand the pressure at a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet, which would enable it to patrol the Atlantic coast along the ocean bed, at a distance of nearly or quite one hundred miles from shore, from Maine to Florida, unaffected by storms that might rage above her. Visions of rescued wealth float before the beholder of the wonderful little boat; the gold of the Spanish buccaneers may once more shine above the seas, while other features swim before the mind's eye. The world's annual loss of vessels and cargoes is about one hundred millions of dollars; a large percentage is unaffected by the salt water, and the "Argonaut" is the forerunner of the boats destined to recover these fortunes. The ocean bed is a mine of gold and jewels awaiting the genius who can claim them. The hour has produced the man,

and his work is before us in practical operation. It is no speculative fancy, but an established fact; the boat swims and sinks at the will of the operator, and with perfect safety and comfort to the occupants of her cabin. As a destroyer in time of war she must stand preeminent. She can leave her dock in the city, sink beneath the water and proceed to sea, where she can glide beneath the man-of-war and discharge a torpedo upward from any reasonable depth and annihilate the enemy in a trice, herself remaining unseen and unheard, the most powerful searchlight failing to disclose her whereabouts. Beneath the hull of the commercially disposed boat, are broad, cogged wheels, and with these she proceeds over the bottom at the will of the navigator. After sinking entirely from sight she



THE DIVER



REMOVING THE CARGO FROM A SUNKEN SHIP

moved toward shore, and as shallow water was reached, the bed of the bay could be judged as she climbed up and down rises and depressions. The diver's compartment is located near the keel, and is, of course, air tight. When the man is prepared to go forth, he enters the compartment in his armor, the door is closed, and air is forced in to him. When sufficient has entered, he opens the outer door and steps out onto the bed of the sea, his air supply being under his own control, while he is in constant sight and hearing of the occupants of the "Argonaut," and is able to carry on a conversation as easily as in the open air. This seems remarkable, and is, but it is a truth that is daily demonstrated in this remarkable craft. Not a drop of water enters the boat, and when he chooses to return, the water is forced out of the compartment he has entered by compressed air, the inner door is opened and he is in the boat. Quite simple, yet years were necessary to learn how to do it. The diver climbed upon the deck of the boat, and posed for the picture reproduced, and then returned to the water and back into the cabin.

As a commercial invention the "Argo-

naut" is incalculably valuable. Auxiliary inventions cover derricks under the control of the boat, and freighters for conveying cargoes of sunken vessels to the surface. These latter are merely steel hulls with hatches. When the freighter has received her cargo, the hatches are closed, compressed air forces out the water, and she rises to the surface, is unloaded and re-submerged for more work. The wheels enable the "Argonaut" to traverse over the bed of the ocean and draw a train of freighters, and the remarkable sight is possible of a locomotive travelling along the bottom of the sea, this outrivalling the fancies of the greatest romancists. A powerful searchlight is carried, and work can be prosecuted day and night.

Thus, the generation that produced the telephone and the electric light; the automobile carriage and the phonograph, which has made greater scientific strides than any other age in history, is grandly closing its cycle by solving the greatest riddle of all—unless aerial navigation be excepted—for as a valuable invention the subaqueous boat is paramount.

*E. S. Bisbee.*

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## VALENTINE'S DAY.

Now Cupid farms his weapons out  
To high and lowly bidders,  
And steps aside, to smile, no doubt,  
At what the god considers

An amateurish tournament;  
For seldom has a renter  
An arrow of Dan Cupid's sent  
And hit a target's center.

Yet he's a reason shrewd in mind  
For letting mortals try them:  
They will not envy him who find  
That he can better ply them;

So for a day he farms them out,  
Well knowing those who borrow  
Will come to him with prayers devout  
To take them back tomorrow.

*The Lover.*

From One Extreme to the Other,

Ten Broke—Well, I asked for her hand.

Van Ishe—Did you get it?

Ten Broke—No, I got her father's foot.

An Advantage.

Molly—Do you prefer sleighing or skating?

Dolly—Well, there are no reins to be held when skating.

His Reason.

Poultry Dealer—You say you came by these chickens honestly. Then why do you bring them here so late at night?

Old Darcy—I tell you, boss, dem is powerful smart chickuns, an' ef dey see whar I am takin' dem, dey know dar heads is gwine to come off an' dey set up sich er squawlun that some white trash think dis nigger has been pesterin' somebody's chickun roost.

A Strained Issue.

Cholly Ahtless—I nevah change my mind.

His Uncle—For the same reason, I presume, that you never change a seven dollar bill.

Score One For Her.

Brown-Jones—No woman can keep a secret.  
His Wife—Aren't there many women who will not admit that they do not love their husbands?





## THE PRIMA DONNA OF ARGEUEC.

BY

PHILIP MARTIN.



YOU ARE going?"

"Yes, Madeline, I must go to-morrow morning. My mother is impatient for my return."

Looking into the sorrowful face of the girl, he added apologetically, "I am sorry to go, it has all been so pleasant. Perhaps I shall come back next summer."

John Grant stood still waiting for the girl to speak, but Madeline kept her eyes fastened on the heaving bosom of the broad sea, and heard dimly the ever recurring break of the swells and the splash of the surf on the rocks at their feet. She did not dare to alter her steady gaze, lest the tear drops might start. It was an awkward silence, and John Grant, who had amused himself on the Breton coast for the summer, had intended to glide quietly out of its life when the sunny days were over. Madeline Babet, the widow's pretty daughter, had been much with him in his wanderings, and he was fascinated with the strong, mobile face and simple manners of the lithe girl clad in a blue flannel gown, with quaint embroidery of three generations ago; a spotless linen collar, whose goffering with the straws had been so often an excuse to linger beside the worker; and crowning all, the odd cap which gave such an antiquated, sphinx-like appearance to her otherwise youthful figure. But much as he loved her, in his calm moments he crowded down his feelings, and thought of the brilliant woman who was awaiting him in his own land.

"You will be married by that time, I suppose. Rene Condé will be glad that I am going, for he is jealous. He thought you cared too much for me."

Madeline turned her white face toward the speaker, and her eyelids drooped over her dark eyes. "How foolish of him," she said, simply, with a little hardness in the lines of her mouth.

The indifference of the girl was irritating. John Grant laid his warm hand on her arm.

"But you did care, Madeline, did you not?" The girl's gaze never faltered. "You know I cared for you!" He moved nearer, and looked anxiously in her face. "I love you, *cherie*," he added, impulsively.

Madeline turned seaward again from the man who had paid her so much attention; so much, that the simple peasants and fishermen of Argeuec thought that Monsieur Grant would assuredly take Madeline Babet for wife before he left Bretagne.

"You love me, and leave me, as Rola Toussaint was left last summer." After a moment of silence, she added, with a sigh, "she died."

John Grant felt very guilty. He was sorry now that he had spoken at all.

"I shall not die, Monsieur Grant." Then she added lightly, "Pere Enaud is going in to vespers. I must go."

The girl turned quickly and left her lover. She plucked a late rose as she went along the narrow path, by the stone wall which enclosed the little cemetery and chapel of Our Lady.

A few old people were on their knees fumbling their rosaries as Madeline went up the stairs to the organ loft. The little choir seated there was anxiously awaiting the girl, for her voice led them, and Rene Condé, who played the organ, felt more confidence when Madeline was present, for her voice covered up any little flaw in his rendering. Rene had not much time to practice. His occupation was on the sea, and his fingers grew stiff and clumsy at times. To his look of eager welcome Madeline did not vouchsafe a glance. She dropped on her knees, but her eyes were fixed on the broken ceiling of the sanctuary, where the silver stars were dimmed



and the blue frescoing had become thunderous clouds from the incessant beating of the rain under a loosened tile. The voice of Pere Enaud droned through the service, and the little white-robed Francois lost the key-note, but his young, flexible soprano carried him safely through a series of sharps and flats back to the lost chord. The little bell tinkled, and wooden sabots shuffled on the floor down stairs. They were late arrivals, and it was a warning to Madeline that her duty was come, and that she must acquit herself creditably. She was the prima donna of Argeuec, and the simple people loved to hear her. John Grant came in with the others, and leaned against a gray pillar. He had debated long before he entered the little chapel, but finally decided to hear Madeline's voice once more, and then go away forever. When he was gone, she would marry Rene Condel, and sing her hymns until age and care took away her charms and broke her voice. Yes, he would hear her once more!

*Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Bona cuncta posce.*

The words rang out clear and strong.

"That is Madeline Babet's soul," muttered old Perron's widow to the fair-skinned foreigner at her elbow. "May our Lady of Sorrows keep her from grief!" Down the wrinkled cheeks of the old woman the blinding tears ran, and she offered up another prayer for the singer. With a loud sob of harmony the organ and choir chimed, "Amen."

John Grant retraced his steps to his humble lodging. Before the gray mists had rolled away from the sea, he had left Argeuec, carrying the memory of a soul poured out in grief.

The first night was over, and Mdlle. Deline had sung herself into the hearts of the cool-blooded islanders. The music-lovers of London were delighted. She had had many successes in Paris, but the English were prepared to be critical.

The curtain had fallen, but the plaudits of the audience still resounded, and ere long Mdlle. Deline reappeared amid deafening cheers. Flowers were showered about her, and smiling gratefully she had

withdrawn to her dressing-room. With her maid she was hastily laying aside her costume preparatory to her drive home. A knock at the door was many times repeated before Gabrielle was allowed to answer it.

"Will Mdlle. see any one?" queried the maid.

"Not any one."

"This monsieur persists." She handed her mistress a card.

Mdlle. Deline took it, and read the superscription. A shade of annoyance passed over her face. She fingered the pasteboard carelessly, and it dropped to the floor. Gabrielle picked it up.

"I will not see him! No, stay, Gabrielle, tell him to-morrow at three o'clock at my home."

A foggy day in the crowded city. A bright glowing fire in the grate of a fashionable drawing-room. Mdlle. Deline was seated before it, her hands clasped, and her lips drawn closely over her teeth. A robe of heavy silk clung to her form and lay in rich folds on the soft carpet.

She moved uneasily in her chair. "If I could only put on my sabots," she murmured as she looked at her dainty crimson slippers matching in tint and texture her rich gown, "my blue frock and cap; then——" A low tap at the door disturbed her. Nervously she arose from her chair. "Come in."

The door opened, and an elderly man entered. Mdlle. Deline came joyously forward.

"Pere Enaud, your blessing."

She stooped, and the old priest laid his hand on her head, and murmured a benediction.

"You were very successful, child."

"I am glad since it pleases you; but I care little."

"Say not so, daughter. Where a gift is bestowed, much is expected."

"Father, do you remember Monsieur Grant who stayed at Argeuec that last summer?"

"The fair-skinned stranger who went away so suddenly, and for whom my child pined?"

"The same, father. He comes to-day."

"But he is an aristocrat, and married, you said."

"All that, but his wife left him, and now they are divorced."

"Our church recognizes no divorce," said Pere Enaud, sternly. "Let no high degree or great success disturb your belief. I am anxious for you sometimes, Madeline. The temptations in your path are great, but I rest in your strong will, that you will do nothing to cause me to repent the assistance I have given you to accomplish your ambitions. To-day I go back to Argeuec carrying only pleasant recollections."

"I wish you would take me back, Pere Enaud. I would rather be singing in the little organ loft beside Rene than in the grandest opera in the world." Mdle. Deline impulsively seized the hand of the old priest.

"It cannot be now, Madeline. You have tasted the fruit, and you would only desert us again. I only did what I could to help you. You can never go back to the old life again. Never! Never! When your engagement is over here, we shall expect you in Argeuec. I am going back to-day. My work is waiting for me. There is Helene Poirie to be married to Jacques Blon, and Nanette's baby to be baptized; old Etienne has the rheumatism again; and that tile, that was loose so long, blew off in the last storm and a piece of the plaster dropped off the ceiling. I could get it put on cheaply now, for Gaston, the plasterer of Briquel, is going to marry Widow Perron's Lita next month. But what matters all this to you? I shall tell them all about you."

"Be sure to tell Rene that I am coming. He may be glad."

"Rene! Why Rene? Madeline, do not torture poor Rene! Let him mind his fishnets, and pour out his soul in *Aves* as ever. Why disturb him now? Better not come to Argeuec if you are going to leave a bleeding heart behind you!"

"Rene has been ever kind to me, and I know that he loves me as well as ever! Look at that!" She drew a packet of papers from her pocket, and lifted the upper one. "It must have cost Rene nights of labor on the sea to send that, my first congratulation on a strange shore. Every new scene has brought its remembrance, so that I know that I am not forgotten. Rene asks not for my love

now, but I know that he loves me as ever."

Pere Enaud took the paper, read, and returned it to his ward.

"Poor Rene!"

"Not so, father. Where I go he shall come, and I will not be so lonely. He will play for me, and his great faith in me will make me strong. I will strive great things to please him and the father who has been so kind!"

"As you will, child. Women are unfathomable!" A merry laugh answered his criticism.

"Tell Rene that the greatest pleasure that I had to-day was his telegram."

"I shall tell him what I think best."

"I know you will, father, and I know what that will be."

She pressed her lips to the thin hand of the old priest, who laid it on the dark head, uttered his benediction and disappeared.

Mdle. Deline was gazing into the glowing embers when next the door opened and Gabrielle ushered in a tall, fair-haired man.

"Sir John Grant."

The prima donna arose, turned toward her visitor and bowed coldly.

"I thought it was Madeline's voice that I was listening to last night."

"I am Madeline Babet," was the cold acknowledgment. "I met you at Argeuec, is it not so?"

"How coldly you treat me, Madeline! You cared for me then, I know."

"That was years ago!" Mdle. laughed lightly.

"Yes, years ago. It is true."

"And so much has happened since then."

"But it has never dulled the memory of you!"

"No? Ah, I am sorry if it is so. I am going back to Argeuec."

"You cannot stay there now?"

"I shall not want to stay there. Rene Coudel will come with me. You remember he cared for me that summer so long ago."

Mdle. Deline smiled archly at the man looking so anxiously into her face.

"But you did not love him?"

"Yes, I loved and left, as you did."

"You loved him!"

"Yes, I loved him. Until you came, I was happy in his devotion. You robbed him! Then you flung me aside!"

"I could not help it. I had to go."

"May be so, but so it was. He bore patiently with my neglect, and when you in turn deserted me, he pitied and did all he could to comfort me. He will come again, he said. He could not understand how any one could desert me. Ah, yes, you would come some day to me! Some day? The days passed and you came not. Then he roused all my pride and ambition. He showed me the way to reach my heart's desire, and all the time his own was breaking! For years I worked! worked! You were my goal, and all the time you were wedded to another, and I did not know it! Perhaps Rene did, and he hated to break the news to me. Let be! When I knew it, all love for you was dead, swallowed up in my art, and now I turn to Rene!"

"And you will marry him?"

"If he will have me."

"But I love you, always did!"

"So did he."

"Has he asked you?"

"Not very lately."

"I ask you, Madeline, for the sake of the old love."

"It cannot be."

"Is that to be my answer?" he queried anxiously.

"It is."

"And you will marry that fisherman?"

"If he will honor me. He sings and plays divinely. I shall be content. I cannot marry you, Monsieur Grant. The love you kindled died of neglect. Besides, were I ever so willing, the fact that Pere Enaud would not sanction it, would restrain me. I shall marry no one that the Pere forbids. He was my friend. He spent his little savings for my education, and I owe him a duty that I can never forget. Therefore, I, too, am going back to my own country. Adieu!"

### GWENDOLIN'S WISH.

"I wish he'd propose just once again!"

And the fringe of her eyelids drooped;  
And a faint, faint blush, like the dawn's  
first flush,

'Neath the snow of her fair brow  
drooped;  
And her deep blue eyes took a sober  
look,

And her hands beat a soft tatoo,  
While the smile on her lips its course  
forsook,  
And the light in her face seemed new.

She wished he'd propose just once again;  
And the words seemed a plaintive sigh,  
From a tender heart that had felt the  
smart

Of a love it had let pass by.  
And my mind went far in a dreamy  
mood.

And it pictured a sad eyed youth,  
Whose heart would beat as but fond  
heart could,

If only, he knew the truth.

"You wish he'd propose just once again?"

And she nodded a doubting yes;  
And then pouting said, as she bent her  
head,

"You'll think I'm a fool I guess!  
But I've—" (Sweet hesitant voice that  
chimes!)

She her ribbons began to pluck:  
"Already refused him thirteen times,  
And I fear it may bring bad luck!"

*Bertram A. Marburgh.*



#### A Garble.

Mrs. Brown-Jones—If you are sober, quote some Shakespere to prove it to me.

Brown-Jones—One drink of whiskey (hic) makes the whole world kin.

#### Dishonorable.

Cohenbaum—Vy vas Meyerstein expelled from der Kosher Club?

Blumenberg—He vas a schvinder. Von night he buys a stack of chips on gredit, und blays poker. He lose efery chip, und den he makes an assignment.

#### Two Views.

Dolly—It was intensely cold last night. I stayed at home.

Molly—I thought it was quite comfortable. I went sleighing with Jack.

#### At the Skaters' Club.

Smith—So you're a member now. How did you get in?

Jones—On a (hic) shkate, of coursh.

#### Their Trademark.

Finnicus—I wonder what all these Salvationists were before they began to work the Lord for a living.

Cynnicus—To judge by their lung power, pugilists.

#### History Happily Deficient.

Shade of Eve—Well, I've one thing to be thankful for.

Shade of Adam—What is that, dear?

Shade of Eve—They've never been able to spring any mother-in-law jokes at my expense.

#### What Saved Him.

Patient (anxiously) Have the doctors agreed?

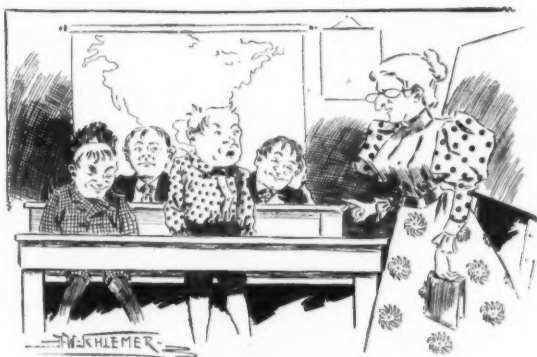
Nurse—No, sir.

Patient—Thank Heaven, I've still a fighting chance!

#### Quite Different.

She—Do you consider matrimony a holy rite?

He—No, I consider it wholly wrong.



Teacher—Jerry Slopson, what good did the Father of his Country do for the people of the United States?

Jerry S.—They—they—don't have to go to school on his birthday, ma'm.



### A LINE MUST BE DRAWN.

Hiram—indignantly—No, Joshua, I won't play no more checkers with a man wot'll cheat on the Sabbath!



### Just Possible.

"Ha, a reporter has put my name in the paper."

"Did he spell it correctly?"

"Yes."

"Impossible! What is your name?"

"John Smith."



### She Threw Things.

Grump—A woman orator? Bah! There never was a woman yet who could hit the mark.

Henpeckt—Beg pardon, but you're wrong.

Grump—Prove it, sir, prove it!

Henpeckt—Easily, if you will come home with me to dinner.

### Restless.

"Did you sleep well last night?" asked the landlord of the Windsor House in Dawson City.

"Pretty well," answered the guest, "until about three weeks before sun up. Then I woke up, and did not get to sleep again for some time."



### They Called For Him.

Editor of the *High Horse Bugle*—I suppose Billings' new play was well received at Red Gulch last night. Did they call for the author?

Bad Bill—Yes, but the onery cuss got out the back way 'fore we could git a rope.

## CHILDREN WHO POSE.



"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY," ETC.

**T**HE INHERENT beauty and ingenuousness of childhood has never been so ably delineated in the art of America as at present. Idealized children peep out of frames in galleries and shop windows, picturing those sentiments of simplicity and innocence which find appreciation everywhere. Even the advertiser has seen the value of childhood as an attractive bait for his wares, and little children, rosy with health and jocund with dimples, tempt the passerby to use a certain brand of soap, or to purchase some life-giving quality of oatmeal.

But these pictures are not the imaginative ideals of the artist. In order to produce those life-like effects which are so captivating to the eye, he had been forced to put upon his canvas almost the photographic representation of a living model. Hence there has sprung up a comparatively new industry and hundreds of little children are

posing in this and other large art centres as models.

In addition to their value as models in the purely aesthetic lines, children also pose for the "moving pictures," seen in the theatres. Those children who best conform to the requirements of the artist have had some theatrical experience.

Familiarity with the stage has given them that confidence which is necessary in a model. Still, there are many children, who have had no professional experience, who pose as models. The majority of them are girls—daughters or visitors of models.

The children of Italian and French parentage furnish most of the foreign subjects. These are recruited from the ranks of professional models, having imbibed from their mothers the secrets of their profession through successive generations. The families of those to whom fortune has been unkind also



THE DARKER SIDE.



furnish a fair percentage of child models. In age the child models range from the infant of two years to the boy or girl of fifteen.

But in the child model the artist has the same difficulty to encounter which he meets with in the subjects of older growth. The ideal face and figure very seldom are found together. Half a dozen models are often necessary to complete a finished study. From one is taken a perfect back, from another a swan-like throat, another furnishes a perfect shoulder. For each of these portions of the body the little model poses. The children are paid at the rate of fifty cents per hour, one dollar and a half for half a day, and three dollars for a whole day's work. There is no distinction made in the pay of the youthful and mature model, when once the child is instructed as to its duties. The somewhat onerous task of instruction falls, of course, upon the artist, whose patience sometimes is sorely tried before the little model has acquired such experience as makes her a valuable adjunct of the studio.



"WANT ANY MODELS TO-DAY?"



ENGAGED.

The accompanying illustrations include some of the best known child models of New York. They will easily be recognized by the artists who have had the advantage of their services. They represent many of the characteristic poses in which children appear nearly every day and furnish an instructive lesson of the manner in which these children of art earn a livelihood, and at the same time suggest the beautiful in art to the public.

Among the more mature of the



"THE LITTLEST ONE."

child models of the city is Miss Eva Cervantes, whose face has served as a model for the frontispiece of a number of magazines recently. She is just at the age "when womanhood and childhood meet." She is of the Spanish type of beauty and is much sought after by artists who wish to secure the Merode style of expression.

"I have been posing for several years," said she a few days since. "It has become second nature to me. At first I didn't like the work, but now that I have become accustomed to it I do not mind it in the least. The chief charm in posing for me is that it pays pretty well and I am able to support myself. How much better off I am than those poor girls in the dry-goods stores who have to stand up all day long, while I have to stand for a few hours only? I wouldn't change my business for any other in which women are employed."

It would be difficult to point to any one influence which has brought childhood so prominently before the art-loving public in recent years. The child-verse of

Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley probably has had much to do with it. But the strongest impetus will no doubt be found in the desire of the advertiser to attract public attention to his wares. These keen men have utilized children in many ways. It is even said that the original of the celebrated soap picture representing the chubby boy leaning from the bath-tub to capture the elusive soap was painted by Sir John Millais. If this be true, the renowned painter has not only demonstrated his democracy, he has also distributed a beautiful lesson in childish beauty, together with a striking illustration of cleanliness through every soap-factory and grocery store in the country.

J. G. Brown, the well-known delineator of street urchins, owes not a little of his success to his rare judgment in the selection of his child models. He has been known to hunt for a week in the search for a boy to furnish him the needed inspiration. And when he has secured the little fellow in whose lineaments he discerns those qualities necessary to inspire his pencil, he keeps him for his own es-

pecial use. Mr. Brown has been known to board and clothe a ragged little fellow for weeks so that he could use him for a few sittings. "But I never put new clothes on the little fellow until he has served my purpose," said Mr. Brown, "because his 'looped and windowed raggedness' is more than half his strength as an art study."

Models, like the proverbial poets, "are born, not made." Some children take a pose easily and naturally, with but few suggestions; others, quite as intelligent, cannot seem to catch the idea at all. These latter are naturally graceless—the keen eye of the artist detects their shortcomings very quickly, and their names are dropped from his list. Little ones actually stupid in every other way often take surprisingly good poses, and it is this quality that largely commends them and earns for their parents incomes that to the uninitiated seem surprisingly generous.

To the little women of the studios the life makes strong appeal. In the enchanted land of Art they may now and again wear the finery they innately love, they may loll about on rich divans during the "rests", and delight their feminine

souls to the full with temporary luxuriousness.

The "rests" are usually employed in munching candy (with which every well regulated studio seems to be supplied) and exploring the ever new nooks and crannies of their bric-a-brac-laden environment. Wonderland that a dusty studio is to the workaday man or woman, it is Heaven to the little model in contrast to a meagre or even squalid home.

Many children make a specialty of posing "undraped" (to use the slang of the studios). To one for whom that much abused term "the nude in art" is a synonym for everything that is immoral this must seem fraught with contamination for the little girls. Nothing could be further from the truth. After the first natural shyness wears off the false modesty that has taught them to regard the human form as indecent leaves them. Their budding minds become imbued with a cleaner, saner conception of the beauty of the nude figure. Something indeed of the "art atmosphere" that is part and parcel of the meanest workroom of a real artist enwraps itself around them and covers them as effectually as did the cumbersome inartistic modern clothes they have just



BETWEEN POSES.

discarded. Then, too, a child who poses nude soon learns the necessity of absolute personal cleanliness. Coming, as many of them do, from the multitudinous ranks of the unwashed, this is a lesson that even the stickler will admit—can lead to naught but good.

Painters of the nude, the noblest form of art, are of necessity men of high ideals—earnest, conscientious and above the petty grossness of those who would clothe Macmonnie's "Bacchante," and cover the beauty of the Venus de Milo. Association with such men cannot but aid their little co-workers to a grace of manner, a gentleness of speech, a breadth of mind that most of them can scarce attain in their home surroundings.

Then, too, there is developed in the child who poses, a pride in the finished result. She has a wholesome love of her trade quite unknown to the little ones of the shops and factories. And how well have divers lovely children helped genius to climb the hard road to fame! The beautiful "Boy With a Drum," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Millais' immortal "Cherry Ripe," and a score of others as easily recalled, are cases in point. One can well imagine the pride of the little fellow who posed for Mr. Birch's charming conception of Lord Fauntleroy, or the joy of the originals of Kate Greenaway's exquisite old-time figures, to find in toy books their counterfeit presentments scampering through flower-strewn fields, climbing invitingly laden apple trees and doing all sorts of delightful things.



A STEADY ARM.



"WUXTRY!"

When art was young cherubs were the mode, but in these latter days cupids have quite driven their cunning winged predecessors from the field. So popular have cupids become, indeed, that there is a great demand for very small children who are chubby and handsome; many artists, especially illustrators and mural decorators, pay little girls and boys of three or four years more than adult models. Of course such young children cannot take a set pose and hold it with any degree of certainty. The camera is often called into requisition, or casts of the entire body are made. This latter, as the unlearned in such matters may readily surmise, is exceedingly disagreeable for the model, and is seldom resorted to except in special cases.

But, taking it as a whole, the unpleasant features of the profession are few, and one can safely set it down that the lot of the children who pose is cast in pleasant places.

When it is considered to what pains a photographer is put in order to keep a child in one position for the short time required to take a picture it becomes clearer just how rare and valuable a type the child model is, and to what limits an artist's patience must reach in order to perfect the child's natural aptitude.

The child's earning capacity on the other hand tends to make it less of a child according to the amount of money gained. A certain unchildlike independence, such as marks child-actresses and other infantile prodigies, is the most noticeable feature of this phase of character. And if this be not governed by firm parental ruling the child breadwinner degenerates into a most insufferable person; one that grows haughty when treated as a child and whimpers when addressed as an adult.

Of course it is not often that one finds the latter specimen. Indeed, all the models we have met are perfect little cherubs in nature and Chesterfields in conduct, and we are quite sure dislike their naughty snob-sisters. *The Spinster.*



"HOOT AWA, MON!"



"I DON'T LOVE NOBODY!"

## WHAT HAPPENED AT THE INN.

BY

EDMUND YARROW.

**I**T'S A BAD night," said the landlord. "Not for them as stays indoors," said the fiddler. "Spoken like a philosopher," said the young squire. "Landlord, the punch is running low."

The landlord closed the door, ladled out what remained in the punch bowl, and departed for a fresh supply.

"I was with Washington at Valley Forge," said the old soldier, sipping his punch. We had worse nights than this and no inn to keep the cold from your body, and no such punch as this to drive it from your bones."

"Those must have been times indeed," said the fiddler. "If I'd 'a' been a well-made man I would ha' been there myself. A man might pick up a good deal of wisdom in those days."

"More than he would be like to pick up mending shoes," laughed the young squire, "or fiddling at ale-houses."

"I'm not so sure," said the fiddler. He was a little man, crooked and seamed, and weather-worn as the old fiddle he caressed with his unshaven chin.

"A man might do worse," said the old soldier, "than help his country in its need; even a little man."

The fiddler's eyes flashed. "And he might do worse than stay at his bench and mend shoes, if mending shoes be his lot," said he.

"Nay," said the old soldier, I meant no harm."

The fiddler laid aside his fiddle and rose. The young squire was at his side in an instant. "Sit still, man," he said; "what is it?"

The fiddler sat down again, and pointed to the tobacco jar that stood upon the table. The young squire watched him while he filled his pipe, and then silently replaced the jar.

"Friend," said the old soldier, "I ask your pardon. I thought you were a little man; I didn't know it was worse."

"Freely granted," said the cripple, lighting his pipe.

"You're a stranger in these parts," said

the young squire, "or you'd know our friend the fiddler better. No braver man, in his way, ever lived."

"Yes," said the old soldier, "I'm a stranger; I come from up country—from Albany. And I go to visit my brother in New York."

"Why, you're but a couple of leagues from your journey's end," said the young squire.

"A hard couple of leagues, in such heavy weather, and with a horse well-nigh tired out," said the old soldier. "I thought better to stay the night here; to which I owe the pleasure of your company."

"To-night," said the young squire, "it pleases me to keep open house here in the inn. All who come are my guests for the evening, if they will do me that honor. You are heartily welcome."

"Why," said the old soldier, "I shall ride on in the morning with a lighter heart for the memory of an evening pleasantly spent."

"If you ride toward the city," said a fourth man, who sat in the chimney-corner opposite the fiddler, and who now spoke for the first time, "I'll bear you company. I, too, go toward New York."

The landlord returned, bearing a fresh bowl of punch. "Ay," he said, "it's a bad night." And he set about refilling the glasses.

"Gentlemen," said the man who had last spoken, raising the glass to his lips, "here's to our better acquaintance. My name is John Small—John Small, the corn dealer."

"And mine," said the old soldier, "is Tom Farris. While there was anything to fight about, I was a soldier; these times of peace have left me something like a fish out of water."

"Well," said the young squire, "tho' I did not ask your names, perhaps we shall all be the better acquainted for the telling of them. Our friend the fiddler here is Silas Hardy; he is a shoemaker by trade, a philosopher by right of birth, and a fiddler for love of it. And the host—well, the host is the host, and I think we want no better. For myself,



I am the least respectable man of the party. I am called Stephen Archer; I never did anything for a living, and like enough I never shall. And now," he added, "I think we know each other as well as need be."

"Quite as well," said the fiddler. "So a man be a pleasant companion, what matter how he calls himself?"

"And there's no place like a wayside inn for pleasant fellowship," said the young squire.

"Why, so say I," cried Farris.

"And yet it's no bad thing," said the fiddler, "to have a wife and fireside."

"Why, now," said Small, "I should take it you're a married man yourself."

The fiddler knocked the ashes from his pipe, and taking up his fiddle, drew the long pipe-stem across the strings. The sound came almost as clear as if he had used the bow, and he played a little snatch of a country dance before he laid aside the fiddle and relit his pipe.

"There's music in most things," he said, with a smile, "if you only know how to get it out." And then, answering Small's remark, "No," he said, "I never married. She liked my friend better."

"That's it!" laughed Farris. "That's always the way! Trust a woman for making trouble between friends!"

"I don't know about that, either," said the fiddler. "I think no worse of her for choosing him, and I don't know that I thought any the worse of him, while he lived. A woman may choose whom she likes; a man must be true to his friend."

The young squire's pipe-stem snapped between his fingers, and he tossed the pieces on the fire. "I suppose he must," he said, with a laugh. "But, hang it, it's bad taste in a woman to prefer your friend!"

"Well, there's other women in the world for you, squire," said the fiddler, encouragingly.

"So there are for the other man," grumbled the squire. "But there, old philosopher, we were telling your tale, not mine. There's no reason why I should trouble the company with my affairs."

"Nor I with mine," said the fiddler.

"Right again, fiddler," said the young squire. "And the glasses are empty, landlord." And then, when they were filled, "To the girls who care naught for us!" he cried, with a laugh, raising the glass to his lips. But the fiddler shook his head as he drank.

No one but the landlord had noticed the sound of sleighbells without; so, when he flung open the door, and a man entered, they turned in surprise to see who it might

be. The young squire still held his glass aloft, untouched. He was facing the newcomer, who stood in the doorway, his hand on the sidepost; blinking from the darkness without, his cloak flecked with snow, and snow sweeping in from behind him.

"Why, Jack!" cried the young squire, "Jack!"

The man started, and stared at Archer with some embarrassment, as if not over glad to be recognized. 'Twas but a moment's hesitation, and then he strode across the room, and wrung his friend by the hand.

"Steve," he said, quietly, "I can count on your friendship." And to the landlord: "Have you no place where a lady may wait? We've broken a trace, and must stay to mend it—no longer."

"There's the parlor," said the inn-keeper, "but there's no fire there. We looked for no guests on such a night."

"Why, then, this room must serve. It's bitter cold outside," said the stranger, and was gone again into the darkness.

The young squire stood staring blankly at the open door. He knew well enough who the lady must be; he knew well enough that for Jack Runyon, as for himself, there was but one woman.

She came in, leaning upon Jack's arm, out of the night, the snow in her hair, and her cheeks rosy from the bitter wind; blushing, and a little shamefaced at being brought suddenly into the presence of so many strangers, but with a light of happiness glowing in her eyes that made Stephen's heart ache with secret envy. She knew him at once, and held out both hands to him; and Jack drew himself up, and stood erect as a soldier on duty, while his friend and rival came to greet the girl they both loved.

"You know?" she asked him. "Jack has told you?"

"I can guess," said Stephen, bending to raise the little half-frozen fingers to his lips.

"Where are you going?"

"To King's Bridge," said Jack. "The minister—old Mr. Humphreys—is waiting for us. And then, home."

"Home! Ay home—her home, from now onward!" thought Stephen. "But why—" he asked.

"We had to," said Jack. "There was no other way. Her brother wouldn't hear of it."

She cast a little beseeching glance up at Stephen. He understood well enough—her brother favored him; after all, it was from him that she was running away.

The inn-keeper had fetched a lantern, and with Small and Tom Farras, had gone out into the yard to unhitch the horses and see what could be done with the broken trace.

Stephen went toward the fireplace, turning his back on his friend, and stood gazing, with set face, at the crackling embers. The fiddler, who still sat in the chimney corner, laid a withered hand on his arm.

"A woman may choose whom she will," he said, dropping his voice. "A man must stand by his friend."

"You're right, old philosopher!" cried the young squire, with a short laugh, that was half a sob. And turning to Jack, he seized his hand, and wrung it with sudden heartiness: "Come," he said, "we must be doing! Mistress Alice will be well enough here, with the fiddler. And if you mean to reach King's Bridge before her brother discovers her flight, you've no time to lose."

Alice thanked him with her eyes, and the two men passed out into the yard. The horses had been taken from the sleigh, and stood, blanketed, under the shed. The lantern threw an uncertain circle of light on the snow, grotesquely exaggerating the figures of the three men.

"It'll take half an hour to mend it, so's you can drive," said the landlord, blowing on his fingers. "Half an hour at the least. You'd better stay the night, and go on in the morning."

"Impossible," said Jack, shortly.

Stephen went to see how much damage had been done. The whiffletree had snapped. "He's right," he said. "You can't go on with this sleigh, Jack. Haven't you another sleigh?" he asked, turning to the inn-keeper.

"Why, yes," said the man, doubtfully.

"Well, put the horses into that. We'll see about this one in the morning."

The inn-keeper went into the shed, taking the lantern with him. Just then a second sleigh came dashing along the road. The light in the windows, or perhaps the group of men in the inn yard, dimly visible in the gray of the night, caught his eye, and he drew rein.

"Ho, there!" he cried. "Have you seen a sleigh go by—a sleigh with two horses, and a man in it, and a woman?"

No one answered. The young squire pressed his friend's hand. "Wentworth!" he whispered.

"You, there," cried Wentworth, angrily, "why don't you speak? Are you all dumb?"

At that moment the inn-keeper came out of the shed. By the light of the lantern Wentworth must have recognized Jack Runyon, for with an oath he jumped from the sleigh, tossed the reins over the hitching post, and strode into the yard.

"By the Lord!" he cried, "I'm in time yet!"

Mistress Alice in the inn heard the sound of her brother's voice, and fearing what might befall, came to the door.

"Jack!" she cried, and again, "Jack!"

Wentworth turned and went toward his sister. But Jack was before him and had his arm about the girl when her brother entered. The inn-keeper, moved from his usual stolidity, was clamoring at the door: "Masters! masters! Keep the peace! No brawling—I'll have no brawling in my house!" Wentworth did not seem to hear him; he scarce noted Stephen Archer, who was at his elbow. He faced the girl and her lover, white with ill-controlled anger; silent for the moment, finding no words at his command. Alice confronted him bravely, clinging to Jack.

"Well, sir," said Jack, quietly, "if you have any business with us—"

"With you, none!" cried Wentworth, his rage finding voice on the instant, "but with this lady! So, Mistress Alice, these are fine doings for a maid! Where learned you such brazen behavior? Not in your mother's house, I'll warrant. But, thank Heaven, I come in time!"

"A little too soon, methinks," said Stephen, under his breath.

Wentworth did not hear him. "Well, have you no word to answer?" he went on; "no smooth excuse, ready at the tongue's end, to gloss over your conduct? Nay, for all your blushes, I'll be sworn 'tis not modesty that ties your tongue! No modest maid steals from her father's house at night, trusting her good name, her honesty, to the lying promises of the first libertine that tempts her! 'Tis the first time that I have found you out, Mistress; I'll be sworn 'tis not the first—"

"Stop!" cried Jack, hotly, "stop! I've heard you so far with what patience I could command, for with me, I admit, you have some cause of difference. But I will not hear a word from any man—not were he twenty times her brother—I will not hear a word against the lady who is to be my wife!"

"Your wife!" sneered Wentworth. "King's Bridge—your way lies to King's Bridge, I think?—is still some miles away, and Mistress Alice goes back with me. The minister—you see I've heard the whole pretty story—the minister must be disappointed, unless you go yourself to save him a useless vigil. Tho', to be frank, I think you may spare yourself so much trouble, for I doubt there's a minister in the plan at all, save in the lying promises you made to tempt my sister."

"Will you drive with us, and see?" suggested Jack, quietly.

"No, by the Lord! I go home!"  
"Why, then, we'll bid you good-night," said the young squire, coolly.

"And Mistress Alice goes with me," continued Wentworth, taking no notice of Stephen.

"If she wishes it," said Jack, confidently.  
"Whether she will or no!"

Stephen Archer leaned against the table, with folded arms. "There are two of us," said he, "and you are alone. How do you propose to force the lady if she will not go with you?"

"You fool!" cried Wentworth, fiercely, turning upon Archer, "it is from you that the girl is running away! It is for you that I save her from making a fool of herself this——"

"No names, please," interrupted Archer. "Gentlemen do not use them! For the rest, I have the honor to withdraw my suit for your sister's hand." And he bowed with stately courtesy to Mistress Alice.

"I have no words to waste with you," cried Wentworth. "My business is with this—gentleman." And before any one could guess what he was about, he sprang forward, and struck Jack Runyon lightly across the face with his empty glove.

"A blow!" cried Jack, the hot blood mounting to his cheek, "a blow!"

But on the instant Mistress Alice—who had stood silent the while, her color coming and going, only the quickened breath, and the tears that gathered in her eyes, but did not fall, betraying that she had marked her brother's bitter taunts—Mistress Alice flung herself between the two men.

"Jack!" she cried, passionately, "Jack! You must not fight! Remember, he is my brother! You must not fight!" All her self-control was swept away in a moment, and she clung to Jack, sobbing convulsively. Wentworth would have torn the girl from her lover's arms, but Stephen barred the way. The others stood aside while Jack led her to a seat, and knelt beside her.

"Well!" cried Wentworth.

"I will not fight," said Jack, speaking with set lips, and never turning his head.

"Coward!"

"I will not fight!"

"But, by Heaven, I will," cried Stephen.

"I have no quarrel with you," snarled Wentworth.

"Shall I make one?" said Stephen, quietly. He picked up a pipe from the table, snapped the stem between his fingers, and flung the fragments in Wentworth's face. "Will that serve?" he asked.

Wentworth turned upon him, furious, pouring forth a string of oaths.

"There's no time like the present," said the squire, lightly. "You've made these gentlemen parties, in some sort, to what was perhaps better kept private. Maybe they will lend us their countenance."

"Why," said Tom Farris, extending his hand to Stephen, "in a matter between gentlemen, if I can be of service——"

"As for me, I am usually a man of peace," said Small. "Yet in this case——"

"I think there is light enough for our business," said Stephen, "and for weapons——"

"You'll find them in my sleigh," said Wentworth.

"I thought as much!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried the inn-keeper, aghast at the turn things were taking. But nobody heeded him.

Stephen Archer lingered a moment, after the others had gone out, to press his friend's hand. Mistress Alice lay back in a dead faint.

"Steve," said Jack, huskily, "must you? It's not your quarrel. Must you?"

"Steady!" laughed Stephen. "I've made it mine. I shall not hurt him; but you will be able to go on unmolested. Stay here with Mistress Alice. She cares naught for me; she would never forgive you, if you had a hand in it. And be ready to start in ten minutes!" And with that he was gone.

A hundred rods behind the inn Farris and Small were already measuring off the ground. Snow was still falling, but out in the open there was a gray light in the air—quite enough for the business in hand.

Stephen laughed as he took the pistol Tom Farris offered him. "It's the worst night I ever had to shoot a man in," he said. He was still smiling when the word came; and Wentworth's shot rang out a second before his. The young squire swayed an instant, but remained standing; Wentworth fell, with a bullet through the thigh.

"Are you hurt?" cried Farris.

"Grazed; no harm done," said Stephen. "Give me my cloak." And drawing it closely about him, he glanced over toward his fallen foe. "There was light enough, you see, Farris," he said. "Let him lie there till you hear the sleigh drive away; then take him into the house. Good-night." And he turned and left them.

In the yard the inn-keeper, eager to be rid of his troublesome guests, was putting the horses into the sleigh.

"Landlord," said Stephen, "I give you a guest for the next three days at least. That'll pay you for the disturbance. And bring out my horse; I ride with them to-night."

Jack Runyon met him at the door. "Thank God!" he said. "And Wentworth?"

"Winged!" said Stephen. "He'll be none the worse for it in a day or so! Get Mistress Alice into the sleigh. Well, old philosopher," he went on, when Jack, putting aside the inn-keeper's proffered assistance, had carried the still unconscious girl out into the air, "well, have I done right?"

The fiddler shook his head. "It's a bad business all around," he said.

"A man must stand by his friend," quoted Stephen.

"Ay, you've done the best you could! But perhaps I was wrong myself. After all, the man was right; he had no quarrel with you.

"A man must stand by his friend!"

"Ay, sure. It's all for the best, no doubt."

On the table stood the glass of punch that Stephen had set down, untouched, when Jack first entered. The young squire leaned back and reached it.

"I never drank the toast, after all," he said, with a laugh. "There's still time to amend it. A health to the bride!" And he tossed it off at a draught. Perhaps the strong drink went to his head, for his voice was a little thick as he paused at the door.

"Good-night," he said. "Good-night, Silas Hardy, fiddler and philosopher!"

Outside the cold air quickly brought Mistress Alice back to her senses. "My

brother?" she asked, when Stephen came out.

"He'll be well enough in a day or two," said the young squire, swinging himself into the saddle. "I bear you company as far as the cross roads."

And so, with a good-night to the inn-keeper, they set off. Save for the sound of the sleighbells and the souging of the wind, they rode in silence, the wet snow beating in their faces. At the crossroads, a couple of miles on, they drew rein. "Here we part," said Stephen. "My way lies here; King's Bridge lies that way."

"God bless you, Steve," said Jack.

Stephen laughed. "Good-night," he said, "and good luck!" He drew aside to let them pass, and sat his horse to watch them out of sight. Even after they were gone, and the sound of bells had died out in the distance, he sat there motionless. The horse shivered, but his master did not seem to notice it.

Then the horse started, slowly at first, but soon dropping into a leisurely trot, along the road he knew well enough; and finally drew up in the court-yard, before the stable door. But still his master made no sign. The horse shivered again, and whinnied.

And then the young squire lurched heavily, and fell from the saddle, prone on the snow. And there they found him, in the morning, dead; and took him up, and carried him into his mother's house.

## LOVE.

An unexpected meeting,

A shyly stolen glance,

Two sighs both soft and fleeting

While whirling through a dance.

A rose, the usual token,

Perhaps a dim-lit hall,

Words thought yet still unspoken,

Each self that seems so small!

A hand to touch the other,

A smile to answer smile,

Perhaps a little brother,

Some bribery and guile.

New faces in a year or

Two, conscience gets a rub,

The maid gets out her mirror,

The man rejoins his club.

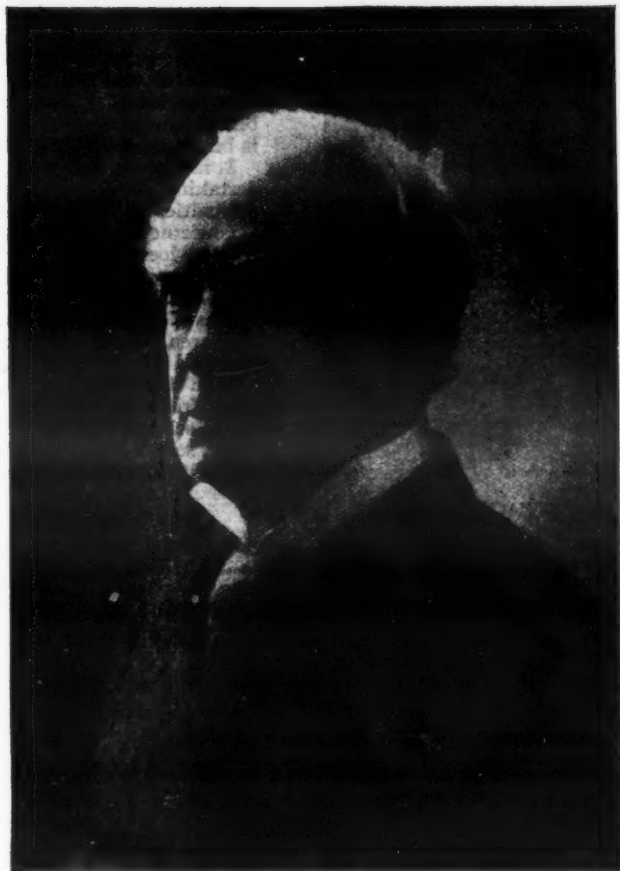
A faded rose perfumeless,

Some unpaid bills, a glove—

The Alpha and Omega,

Of all there is to love!

*The Scoffer.*



*Yours Truly Sincerely  
J. H. Stoddart*

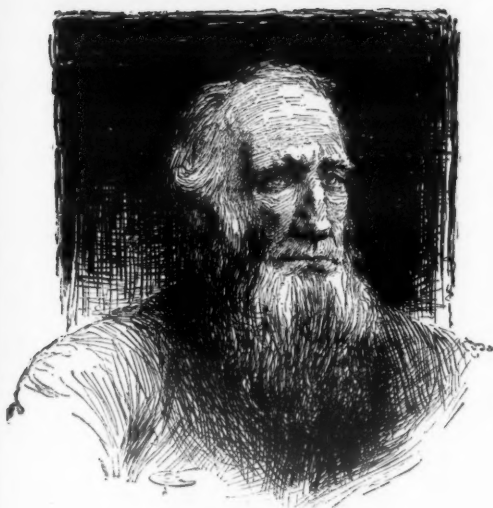
## THE STAGE.

IAN MACLAREN DRAMATIZED.

**I**F ALL goes well, there will be presented in a Broadway theater before the end of February a stage version of Ian Maclaren's three far-famed books "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," and "Kate Carnegie." The dramatization, as has already been widely announced, is a collaboration by James MacArthur, co-editor of *The Bookman* and Tom Hall, a well-known versifier and hu-

morist, and a latent dramatist now discovered. Mr. J. H. Stoddart, that fine old actor, is more enthusiastic over his part (*Lachlan Campbell*), than he has been with any other during his illustrious career. His is the leading character. As Mr. Stoddart is an old Scotchman, it is natural that he should look to crown his life "played in many parts" with a characterization that fits him so well.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" is under



DOCTOR MACLURE.

despaired of making any fit stage adaptation of it, because of the depressing sadness and sacredness of most of the scenes. But the gentleman had not then read, in addition, Ian Maclaren's second volume of Brier Bush stories in "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," and his novel, "Kate Carnegie," otherwise he might have submitted a far different report. For while pathos is certainly predominant in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," comedy is most characteristic of "Auld Lang Syne" and "Kate Carnegie." So apparent was the change between the first and the second volumes that while many critics had set the author down as a sentimentalist at first, as many now pronounced him to be one of the most delightful of humorists. Indeed, while in the first instance, Ian Maclaren controls instinctively all the springs of profound emotion, and has the power of clutching the heart; his pathos, searching and penetrating as it may be, is never far off from the mirth-provoking and humorous side of things. As an illustration of this, witness *Lachlan Campbell* selecting such books as Edward's "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," and "Coles on the Divine Sovereignty," on which to place the lamp in the window so that its light, shining out in the night, might tell of her father's love, should his errant daughter Flora return. Laughter and

the management of Messrs. Frank L. Perley and Fred. M. Ranken, who are sanguine of its success and are sparing no pains or expense to make it one of the finest presentations of the kind ever produced. The scenery, which is being painted by Mr. Joseph Physioc, is being executed on an elaborate scale.

It may seem at first a perilous undertaking, and one surrounded with difficulties so far as public appreciation is concerned, to present a drama based on the local doings of a small hamlet hidden away in the Highlands of Scotland, as reported in the sketches and stories of even so popular a writer as Ian Maclaren. It is said that when the reverend writer of Scottish tales was here in the fall of 1896 that an interested friend of his, hearing of a projected scheme to adapt his work to the stage, sent "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" to an eminent author-actor, who



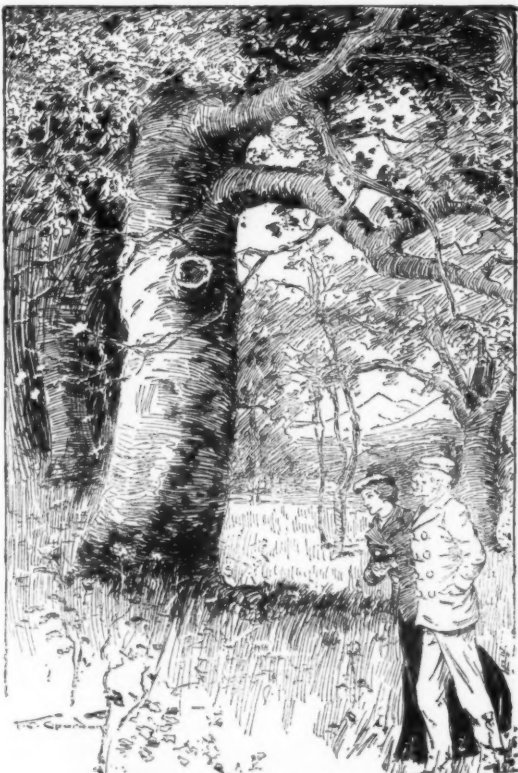
REV. JOHN CARMICHAEL.



tears have their source in the same quality—a deep and active sympathy with the common tragedy and comedy of human life—a sympathy that feels and knows life on many sides, that finds there food for sorrow, but also the balm of humor. Humor, especially in “Auld Lang Syne,” plays on Ian Maclaren’s pages like sunshine on the rugged granite rock of his native land, or like the light of love on the furrowed faces of his characters.

The scenario of the dramatized version of these stories may be thus outlined: Act first shows the exterior of Whinny Knowe farm, the home of *Marget Howe*, who is the confidante and consoler of old and young in Drumtochty. Herein the love stories of *Flora Campbell* and *Kate Carnegie* begin, and all the characters are introduced as they pass along the road leading through the glen. Act second, which takes place in the interior of *Lachlan Campbell’s* cottage, concludes with the discovery of *Flora’s* love for *Lord Hay*, her despairing flight to London, and her father’s heart-broken denunciation as he blots her name out of the family Bible. The third act consists of two scenes: first, the exterior of Westminster Abbey, with *Flora* in London, and second, among the beeches beside the Tochtie in flood, when *Flora* returns sick almost to death. Then it is that old *Dr. Maclure* says: “I brought the lassie into the world, and God willing I’ll keep her in it till I die.” The concluding act, under the rafters of *Lachlan Campbell’s* cottage, removes all obstacles and brings the drama to a happy close.

It is not enough that these stories have made Ian Maclaren’s name a household word in two continents, nor even that his work is so suffused with pathos and humor and simplicity as to touch every heart. These are excellent reasons for accounting for the great popularity of the books, but what has come out of far-away Drumtochty to find a place on the stage is the profound note of universal life which is the keynote of all successful dramatic appeal. A story old as the hills—yet how finely wrought! how nobly written! how beautifully depicted in its new setting against the purple Grampian hills with their sunset fires and lingering twilights, glowing with the beauty of life common to the lowliest human heart! For what has afforded material for the play? The tragic story of *Lachlan Campbell*, which tells of an innocent but life-loving daughter driven from home by despair of ever reaching her father’s heart under its hard casing, then *Lachlan’s* broken-heartedness, and *Flora’s* pathetic return—the heroic figure of *Doctor Weelum Maclure*, than whom there has been no more sympathetic portrayal of unselfish character drawn in fiction, none more beloved by readers everywhere—the picturesquely humorous sayings and doings of *Jamie Soutar*, in whom Ian Maclaren has given us one of Nature’s genuine comedians, playfully called by his author, “cynic-in-ordinary to the Glen”—the charming love story of *Kate Carnegie* and the *Rev. John Carmichael* showing once more how surely the course of true love never runs smooth. All these stories with their strong characterization and dramatic situations interwoven deftly, and with other incidents and characters intermingling in the action of the drama, it will be seen by those who have read them are founded on the bed rock of human nature, and are recognizable by all mankind irrespective of their place of birth and action.



AMONG THE BEECHES. (SCENE IN ACT III.)



JULIA MARLOWE.

Ye Rose Studio Photo.

### A CLASSICAL ACTRESS.

**J**ULIA MARLOWE was born in Carlisle, England. She was christened Fannie.

The family name was Brough. The Broughs emigrated from England and settled in Cincinnati, where Fannie attended the public schools. When she decided to go upon the stage there was a well-known actress in England by the name of Fannie Brough. She determined therefore to assume another name. She selected that under which she is now recognized. It was this time that the popular "Pinafore" was the rage. Julia, or, at that time, Fannie, appeared as *Sir Joseph Porter*, and her younger sister as Alice, in the company of little people.

After this she travelled with Miss Dowe, an actress, whom she called aunt, in a company playing Shakespearean plays. One night, in 1879, a page in "Romeo and Juliet" fell ill, and after much persuasion the part was given to Julia. Even in this rendering, small as it was, Miss Dowe recognized talent, and for the next four years this clever and experienced woman devoted her-

self to the girl's stage training. A company was formed, and Julia went through New England barnstorming. Her progress was rapid, and a New York performance was hazarded.

On the afternoon of October 20, 1887, at the Bijou Theatre, New York, Miss Marlowe made her first metropolitan appearance before a small audience of critics, as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar." At once ability was discovered and proclaimed, but still the road to success was not open to her. On the evening of December 12, 1887, she began a week's engagement at the Star Theatre as *Juliet* in "Romeo and Juliet." Here she was seen by critics and good judges of acting, among whom were Robert Ingersoll and the late Lester Wallack. Over their signatures they testified in public prints that a woman of promise had come to the front. Still the public failed to respond and discouragement came to the girl. In 1890, overcome by hard work, discouragement, and financial straits, she fell sick in Philadelphia. Upon her recovery, Lawrence Barrett offered her an engagement as his leading lady, but even this alluring offer she declined steadfastly, proposing to establish herself as a star.

During the past four years her rise has been rapid, and the rewards of labor set toward her. She knocked on the door of Fortune, and it opened to her, and now she stands prominent in the Temple of Art. Her repertoire in part includes *Julia* in "The Hunchback," *Juliet* in "Romeo and Juliet," *Rosalind* in "As You Like it," *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons," *Galatea* in "Pygmalion and Galatea," *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," *Mary* in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," and the title role in "The Countess Valeska," her latest production.

### PLAYWRIGHT AND PLAYER.

**T**HIS has been an especially interesting theatre season; and among the most notable of factors to make it so is Charles Coghlan's production of his adapted play, "The Royal Box." We are told that it is a revamped version of Alexander Dumas'

(Continued on page 81.)



JULIA MARLOWE, as *Rosalind*.



JULIA MARLOWE, AS *MARY* IN "FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE."

Photo by Ye Rose Studio.

"Kean," which was a favorite in its day. When we consider the pertinency it bears to a life of to-day, the general freshness that characterizes the whole, we must admit that Mr. Coghlan has proven his right to be judged almost as clever a playwright as he is polished an actor. It would be tiresome to repeat the encomia that may and has been applied to his stage interpretations. Each new role but cements and adds to the esteem and delight we take in his work. One passage of "The Royal Box" has especial appropriateness at this time when much is being written for and against the virtue of stage people.

*Celia Pryse*, the mimic aspirant toward a stage career, approaches the actor *Clarence* (Mr. Coghlan) to seek his aid in securing a position on the stage. The following dialogue ensues:

"And why do you come to me to assist you?"

"On account of your profession——"

"My profession—the stage?"

"Yes."

"Poor girl—poor girl! \* \* \*



CHARLES COGLAN, as *Clarence*.

Photo by Eldowes.



GERTRUDE COGLAN.

Photo by Hall.

You have only seen the bright side of our lives. I fear there is a reverse to that medal. There is a reverse to every medal. You will forgive me if I speak plainly? The stage requires special talents which are not to be bought in the public market place, even by a great fortune like yours——"

"I gave up everything when I escaped from my guardian."

"If you are successful on your first appearance, and your success induces some manager to offer you a pound a week——"

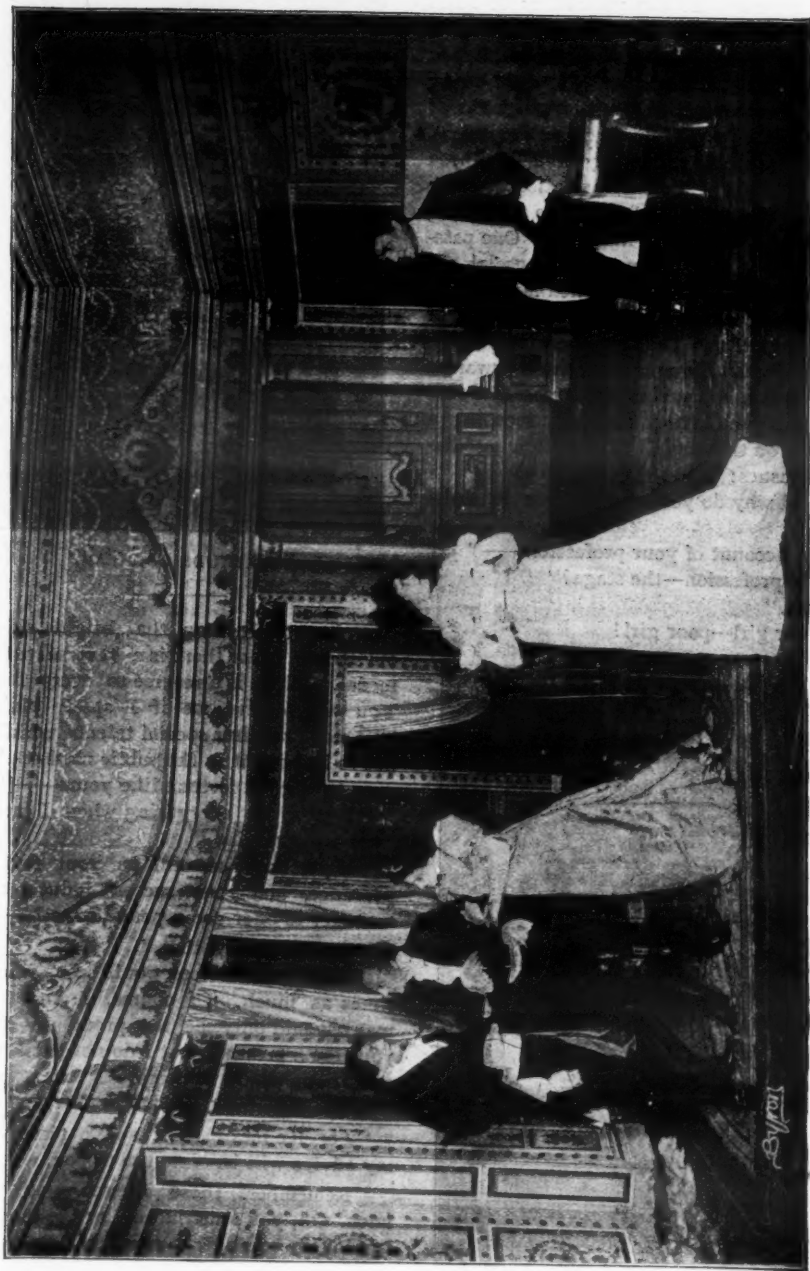
"I could live on that."

"Why, your dresses would cost you ten times as much. Of course, I know that many would only be too proud to clothe you like a princess, but I do not think their conditions would be accepted."

(*Celia Pryse rises in indignation.*)

"Forgive me; I must speak plainly, or my advice will be of no use to you."

"Remember, those dresses you must have. Oh, you must indeed, or the temperature of the manager's room will go down very low, and the manager himself—the genial manager, at first so cordial and en-



SCENE FROM "THE ROYAL BOX." Act 1. "THE SWEDISH EMBASSY."





MAY IRWIN.

Photo by Chickering.

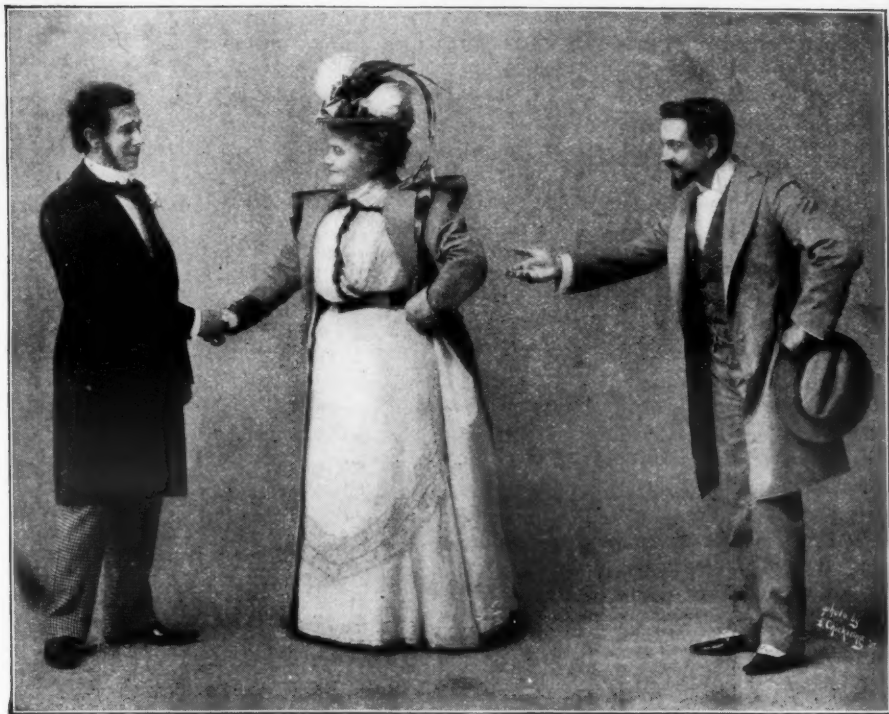
couraging, he, too, will begin to think you cold, unsympathetic, and a more emotional actress will very soon play your parts, unless—unless——"

*(Celia Pryse rises. Clarence motions her to be seated.)*

"That is what every actress may expect, and many accept with a light heart. But I do not think you would be one of them. And your rivals! Have you forgotten your rivals? Remember, on the stage all your friends will be your rivals. They will not all be malicious. Oh, no! If you fail they will only patronize you; if you are in want,

they will, perhaps, assist you; but if you succeed, they will all be jealous of you; they cannot help it, it is in the blood. The real artist will try to discipline this very natural passion, but the sham one will attempt to prevail through every form of intrigue, sycophancy and meanness. But you would not fight with such weapons. Oh, no! You would appeal to the public. Alas! the great, good-natured, simple public, is far too busy to discriminate between the empty rattle of self-advertisement and the solid claims of merit.

"What then is left for the sincere actor or



*O'Donovan Dugan AND THE PEOPLE HE BACKS.*

actress at bay? Nothing, but to curse the day they devoted their lives to work that exacts so much and returns so little, and now and then to try and save some neophyte from its entangling wheels.

"But you are only knocking at the gate. Do not enter it; do not, I entreat you."

This is in the play, and at that the view of an actor. But after all, why should there be so much bother about the morality of stage women? Surely they have not asked the world to pronounce upon them. The better the actress the less the world knows of her inner life, for the true artist wants only her or his art to be public. But the piquancy of this dialogue has a relevance to the theme of the play, which is a deservedly remarkable entertainment.

### "HUGE BUNCHES OF GLADNESS,"

*Ye Press Agents.*

**A**N excellently amusing farce, a company of capable comedians and exquisitely gowned and featured young women, yet when it comes to reviewing the performance of "The Swell Miss Fitzwell," we have eyes only for that buxom, jolly, care-free lady herself, as portrayed by the incomparable May Irwin. If we gave the definite article all the dignity and distinction which is its due, as is the practice of the French, we should call her "The May Irwin," to mark the individuality of her rare comedy powers. But as things are, plain "May Irwin" means volumes to thousands who have basked in the happy radiance of her smiles, chortled at her roguish archness or exploded

in laughter at her mock pathos. It is difficult to decide whether this splendid comedienne catches her audiences better when she utters her lines or when she profits of her exceptional pantomimic powers. In either instance you are delighted and must laugh, whether you are blue or not. If you cannot laugh at May Irwin's comedy then—this in sober seriousness—your cosmos needs overhauling.

"The Swell Miss Fitzwell" is one of those convenient farces which permits the introduction of a spice of topical songs and dancing. Meanwhile the plot recedes from view, but so soon as the "specialty" is done the story moves briskly as before.

"The Swell Miss Fitzwell" has married the Count de Cagiag, whose father as a rebuke refuses him funds. The Countess opens dressmaking parlors to support her husband, as is not rarely the case in real life. Meanwhile the Count, inspired by a business ambition, not generally credited to impecuni-

ous grandees, concocts a face powder. He is endeavoring to secure the photograph and approval of a notorious *chanteuse* in order to advertise this powder. His wife discovers him with this woman, and secures an Oklahoma divorce, only to find that her husband is "wrongly accused." Her efforts to pawn this document off on somebody who really wants a divorce are exceedingly laughable.

To be sure, complications are effectually cleared before the final curtain and all ends well and happily. You go away feeling you have not misspent your evening or your money—perhaps even, you have saved some, for a good laugh promotes health. And May Irwin is one of the greatest health promoters of the day. Ignacio Martinetti as the Count de Cagiag interprets the part perfectly and dances with as much grace as agility. Joseph M. Sparks, as O'Donovan Dugan, portrays a blundering punster from the "ould sod" with his accustomed felicity.



Count de Cagiag. Miss Fitzwell. Kleinagle, THE PROFESSIONAL WITNESS.

Photo by Chickering.

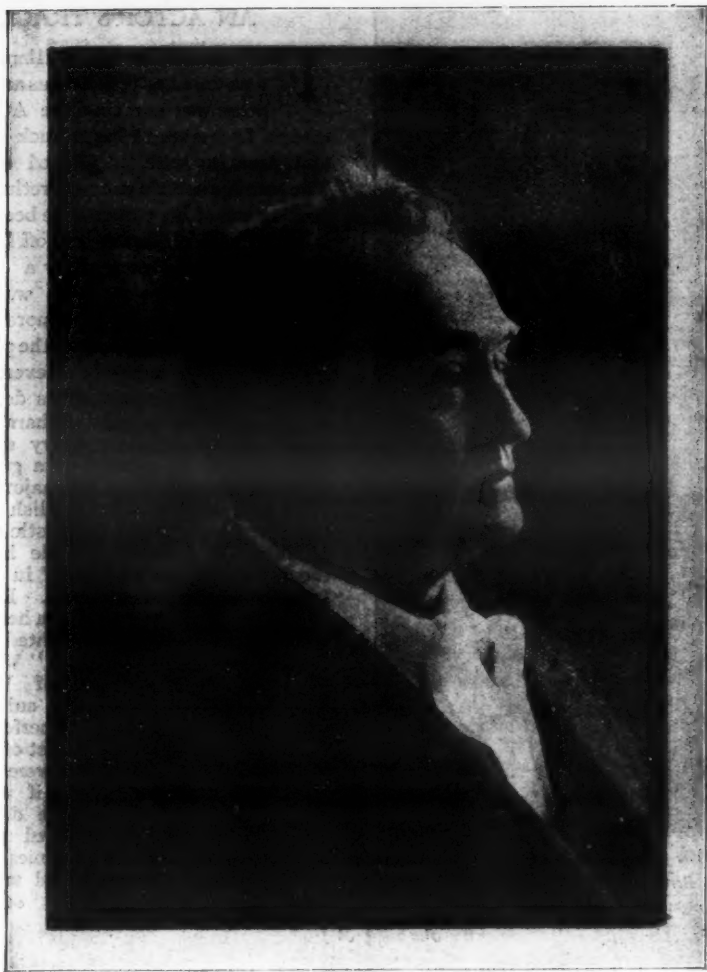


MARY MANNERING, AS Fay Zuliani in "The Princess and the Butterfly."

Photo by Pach Bros.

MISS MARY MANNERING, the leading lady of the Lyceum Theatre, whom Daniel Frohman imported from London, has had a record of successes since her first appearance here. Her latest triumph has been won in the part of Fay Zuliani in Pinero's most whimsical of comedies, "The Princess and the Butterfly." There have been financial successes, artistic successes and *succes d'estime*. "The Princess and the Butterfly" might be called a success of spite. Few could foresee anything but quick oblivion for it after the accounts that had reached us from England upon its initial presentation. But the management was intrepid, although designing the piece for only a limited time.

The event of all gloomy prophecies proves "The Princess and the Butterfly" to be one of the most satisfactory and noteworthy plays of the season. Further it has added much to the reputation of several of the cast, and it has evoked an even higher opinion of the versatile talent of the author of such works as "Sweet Lavender," "The Amazons" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The generous acceptance of a five-act play remarkable for its want of "action," that *sine qua non* of dramatists and critics, but brilliant in dialogue, polished in tone and incisive in characterization, is a striking token that literature and the stage are not so incompatible as one is at times led to believe.



JAMES A. HERNE.

Elite Photo.

NO LESS an authority than William Dean Howells has called James A. Herne "the representative American playwright;" and it would seem that the American people confirm the assertion since "Shore Acres," his masterpiece, has been played to applause in the United States for fifteen hundred times. Even finical New York, which some people fancy has no appreciation above a farce or a musical comedy, is glad to welcome back this perfect composition of idyl and drama after several *wanderjahre*. "Margaret Fleming," the second play by Herne that created

much comment, was admired for its finish and truth. The subject, however, is too hopelessly tragic ever to permit a popular success. It is as true as Ibsen, but less brutal. The world prefers, however, to know James A. Herne as the author and prime actor of "Shore Acres"; the stage, as one of the most precise and accomplished of stage-managers; the fortunates who have made acquaintance with this gifted man's other capacities, as a deeply read student of social philosophy and an unassuming and charming man, who acts well his part and looks for no further honor.



THE LATE WILLIAM TERRISS.

As "Frank Beresford" in "The Bells of Haslemere."

Photo copyright by Window & Grove.

## AN ACTOR'S TRAGEDY.

THE assassination of William Terriss by a madman, as this famous and charming actor was entering the Adelphi Theatre on December 16 last, struck all England and America with unaffected melancholy. The average actor's end is as retired and calm as the parts of his career have been dramatic; but the death of Terriss, cut off in the prime of his talent and strength by a creature too wretched for hate or pity, was a scene of dreadful tragedy. None is more written or talked about during life than the player; none is sooner disremembered. Nevertheless, the sadness and suddenness of his death and his long long line of successful characterizations should keep fresh the memory of so gallant an actor and so exemplary a gentleman as William Terriss. True, the majority of these roles were seen only by English audiences, but his undoubtedly most artistic efforts were exhibited to Americans while he occupied the place of "leading man" in Sir Henry Irving's admirable company. Perhaps the most delightful interpretation he gave while with the distinguished knighted player was *Squire Thornhill* in "Olivia," Wills' dramatization of "The Vicar of Wakefield." The possibilities of the part suited the talents and method of Terriss perfectly and he profited by them to the utmost of his power. Yet this care and diligence were evident in his every undertaking; and if we did not regret him for the honor he did his profession, we should be obliged to ever remember that he was at all times a man to his friends and a friend to all men.

*Aristarch.*

## THE BALLADE OF LOVE.

*Written on a Coquette's Fan.*

Out on the minstrels who sing,  
Love lasts forever and ay!  
Little they know of the thing;  
Chloe is queen but a day!  
Venus, Love's mother, says, "Nay,  
Take but a whiff of the flow'r;  
All things are born to decay—  
Love is a dream for an hour!"

Cast off the glittering ring,  
Fitting me, Phyllis or May,  
And Strephon will laugh at the string—  
"Chloe is queen but a day!"  
Love to my mind is a play,  
Bootless it be, then, to glow'r;  
Ring down the drop while 'tis gay—  
Love is a dream for an hour!

Hearts are but lemons to wring,  
Squeeze them and fling them away!  
Strephon a day is a king,  
Chloe is queen but a day!  
What! for the moon you will pray?  
Asking that dangerous pow'r—  
Love till the hair turneth gray?  
Love is a dream for an hour!

*L'Envoi.*

So, out on the minstrels, I say!  
Chloe is queen but a day;  
Strephon will seek a new bow'r—  
Love is a dream for an hour!  
*Harold MacGrath.*



## THE GOVERNOR'S WATERLOO.

"Say, dad, give me a dollar, won't you?"

Mr. Mayden's hand went down in his capacious vest pocket, Mr. Mayden's eyes peered over his gold-bowed spectacles, and then Mr. Mayden's hand slowly, reluctantly brought forth—a match.

Mr. Mayden carefully relighted his cigar and then turned to his disappointed son and heir:

"What on earth can you want of a dollar, Jack? When I was your age I didn't go to my father when I wanted dollars. No, sir. Dollars didn't grow on our farm. Up in the morning, milk two cows, chop the wood, light the fires, eat in a hurry, and tramp a mile to school—that was the programme I dealt with."

Mrs. Mayden smiled quietly. She had heard the story, with variations a good many times during their married life, and could repeat it word for word, not as Mr. Mayden would tell it next time, but as he had told it the last.

"But," continued Mr. Mayden, looking around beneficently, and pulling out a dollar bill, "but Jack, say what you want it for, and I'll let you have it this time."

Lincoln, Mich., March 2, 189—.

My Dear Son:—In compliance with your wishes I send you an extra hundred. I know there are endless calls for money at college, and do not want you to feel stinted. Yet I feel it a duty that I owe to you to have you realize the value of money.

When I was your age I never had a dollar. I lived on a farm ten miles from the nearest town and had to arise at five o'clock in the morning, milk and take care of four cows, do the chores, split the wood and then walk three miles through the drifted snow to school. Boys of to-day do not appreciate their advantages.

Your mother is well and sends her love.

Your loving father,

John Mayden.

Lincoln, Mich., June 10, 189—.

My Dear Son:—Your last letter grieved me exceedingly. I was very sorry to learn that you had run into debt, after all my warnings to you on that subject. Nevertheless I appreciate and admire your manliness in placing the facts so frankly before me. I will talk with you when you get home about settling your indebtedness. Six hundred dollars is a large amount of money, but an education costs more these days than it did when I was a boy. I don't believe you appreciate that when I was your age I never knew what it was to possess five dollars at one time.

My father was a farmer, and we lived fifteen miles from the nearest town. Money was scarce and I had to do the work of two ordinary men, which obliged me to rise at four o'clock in the morning—and often earlier—milk and take care of seven cows, do the chores and then walk six miles through the sleet and snow to school, carrying with me a cold lunch.

Often it was well into the evening before I could reach home, tired and weary; but the cows had to be milked and the wood split just the same, after which my lessons had to be learned for the morrow.

John Mayden.

"John, come here," said Mr. Mayden to his son, who had just entered the library, the evening of his return from college. "I want to introduce you to Mr. Brent, a childhood friend of mine."

"Well, Mayden," exclaimed Mr. Brent, "I can't believe you've got a boy of that size! Gracious, but we're getting old fast. A Harvard man, too—well, well! I expect college life is pretty jolly nowadays, but I'll bet there isn't the real pleasure in it that we got out of our school-days when we were boys. Remember how I used to haul you out of bed every morning to save you from being late for school? And how good your mother's pies used to taste when we'd run over to your house at recess! Hey, Mayden?"

*The Freshman.*

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## KLONDIKE SOCIETY.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

The gay season is upon us. Life here has become one long joyous festivity. This is a fact. The government has shipped a couple of tons of condemned Government bacon into the country, and we now have enough to eat.

D'Juneau a great many of the people who come here are already minors? They are, many of them, experts with the pick, also—the toothpick. As a rule, we have no use for toothpicks out here, though.

Bill Higgins of Rink Rapids got so hungry last week that he went out to shoot something. He shot the rapids—that was all he could find to shoot.

Cold as it was, Delancy Roosevelt took a bath last month. The boys now call him the "dude." Just the same he washed off about three ounces of gold dust and bought two beers with it. This entitles him to one chance in the free lunch which is to be raffled off in March.

Yukon imagine that our local Delmonico has no difficulty in getting a plentiful supply of ice, but no cream. Consequently his menu is limited to bacon. This is divided into two classes—bad and very bad. The line of demarcation between the *hoi polloi* and the *haut ton* of the Klondike is determined by a reference to which you eat. He is going to try to make some Sauce Bear-naise if any one kills a bear, but so far the killing has all been on the bear side of the market. In fact, the bears are almost human, here, they are so hungry.

Eating frozen whisky is the favorite winter pastime of the best society. You don't call for a "glass" of whisky here. It is sold by the chunk.

Chilkoot Charlie has changed his shirt before it wore out. The gilded youth of Dawson think he must be in love.

*The Spacer.*

## POINTS FOR DETECTIVES.

There is no class of people who receive less general help from the public than detectives. As a profession they are not recognized, and as individuals they are seldom recognized at all by the very people to whom they are of the greatest interest. In fact if they did not disguise themselves no one would be able to tell that they were detectives at all.

At the present time the only resource a hard working detective has is a pair of bushy red whiskers. With these, and his hat pulled well down over his eyes he is expected to hunt down the most atrocious criminals. Nay, worse, he is expected to follow up and arrest women that most men would be afraid even to marry.

To be sure a step has been taken in the right direction by the investigators of thumb prints. If a murderer is only obliging enough to smear his thumb with blood and make an impression on a white washed wall with it there is some chance of bringing him to justice—or rather there would be if there were no lawyers. Most murderers are impolite enough, however, to decline to do this. And so with criminals of lesser degree. As a rule they are too modest to court publicity of any sort.

But there are many things besides thumb prints to aid the detective. For instance the impression that a criminal makes with his teeth in a piece of pie is an almost certain clue, although heretofore its importance has been generally overlooked. The only trouble is that by eating the rest of the pie the criminal usually destroys this excellent first impression that he makes. Perhaps it would be a good plan to have caterers and others of their ilk serve only bad pies to such criminals. Yes—that's a good idea, and should be well pondered.

More lasting is the impression a criminal makes on a stone sidewalk after slipping on a banana peel. This can be chipped out of the primeval stone and held as a lasting proof against him. Indeed, such unimportant items have brought many fugitives from justice to earth—likewise worthier people.

*The Sleuth.*

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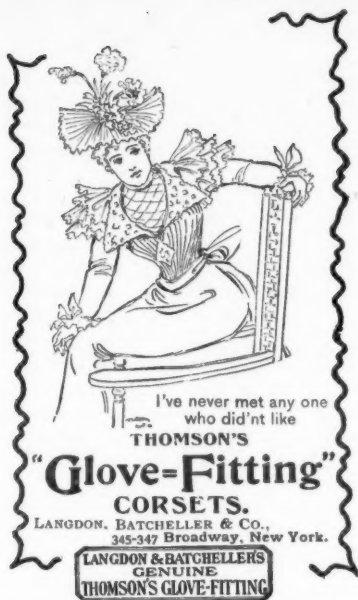
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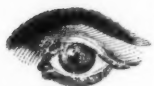


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## IN CONFIDENCE TO A ROSE.

(A Valentine Gift.)

Go, lovely rose, so fresh and snowy,  
Here in thy heart I place a kiss,  
Convey it to a dark-eyed Chloe  
Who revels in such gifts as this.

If she but in her hair shall wear thee,  
A snowflake on a raven wing,  
(No gentler trap shall e'er ensnare thee!)  
Proud would I be as any king.

And better still, if she enfold thee  
Between her palms, the tint of cream,  
And o'er her heart she should hold  
thee—

Rose, could there be a fairer dream?

Methinks there could be; I'll confess it,  
A dream more rare, more fair and  
sweet:

If to her lips my kiss she press it—  
Then would my joy, rose, be complete!  
*The Florist.*

Well Done.

"She is a woman who always does her duty."

"The last time she came from Europe she boasted that she did the customs officers."

The Reason.

Cohenbaum—Dot man is der greatest enemy of our race.

Meyerstein—Who is it?

Cohenbaum—Der chief of der Fire Department.

Somebody Had.

McSwatters—Has anybody got a good opinion of Huggers?

McSwitters—Yes.

McSwatters—Who?

McSwitters—Huggers.

Not To Be Outdone.

Circlecit—Why, man, they pick their teeth with gold in the Klondike.

Gothamite—That's nothing. They fill them with gold in New York.

## A KLONDIKE MENU.

### Soups.

In it. Just out of it.

Purée de Tomato Can.

Iceicles. Snowdrops.

### Fish.

Fried soles (of boots).

Suckers from the States.

(h)Eels (also of boots.)

### Entrees.

Stakes (pine).

Roast leg of boot with axle grease sauce.

### Roast.

Canvas back gripsacks. Umbrella ribs.

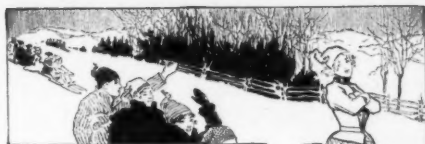
### Dessert.

Ice. Wind Pudding. Snow.

### Drinks.

Cold water. Iced water. Hot water.  
Melted snow. Melted ice.

*The Chef.*



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## ON MICROBES.

The silent and invisible microbe is working a revolution in human affairs which is becoming more important every day.

In the first place the doctors began to howl about the danger of kissing. It seems that when one indulges in that pastime one unconsciously swaps microbes at the same time. As a consequence kissing has become almost a lost art. If you don't believe it just try to kiss some pretty girl and see her try to get away, struggle and almost scream, and all that sort of thing. And observe, also, how mad she is afterward. Maybe you have noticed this phenomenon before and wondered at it. The explanation is now before you. The poor girl was afraid of microbes.

Now it is announced that shaking hands is equally dangerous. The microbe can skip from one hand to the other just as he can from lip to lip. Cease shaking hands unless you are well gloved, and throw away the gloves unless the other fellow is gloved also.

Continuing this train of thought, logically, would it not be well for fathers of beautiful but youthful daughters to cease kicking undesirable suitors out of their homes. The microbe could easily pass from the boot to the settee of the trousers or *vicious virtue*.

All this is of the greatest importance to pugilists. In fact the gentlemen of the prize ring hardly seem to have realized in the past the danger they ran from fighting with one another. Suppose for instance one prize fighter hits another a blow in the solar plexus. What is the possible result? Why, a microbe may make an excursion from the hand of the hitter to the solar plexus of the hittee and completely knock the latter out.

As a matter of fact modern life demands that we each of us go about encased in a glass case, and that we all refrain from throwing stones. This must be done and at once. It is a duty that we owe to ourselves.

*The Physician*

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His Nephew—It's too bad that you can't take it with you, uncle.



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WHEN LONDON SLEEPS. By Charles Darrell.

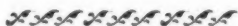
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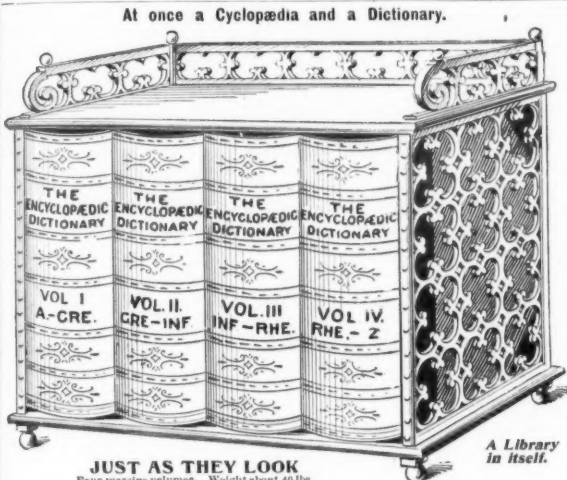
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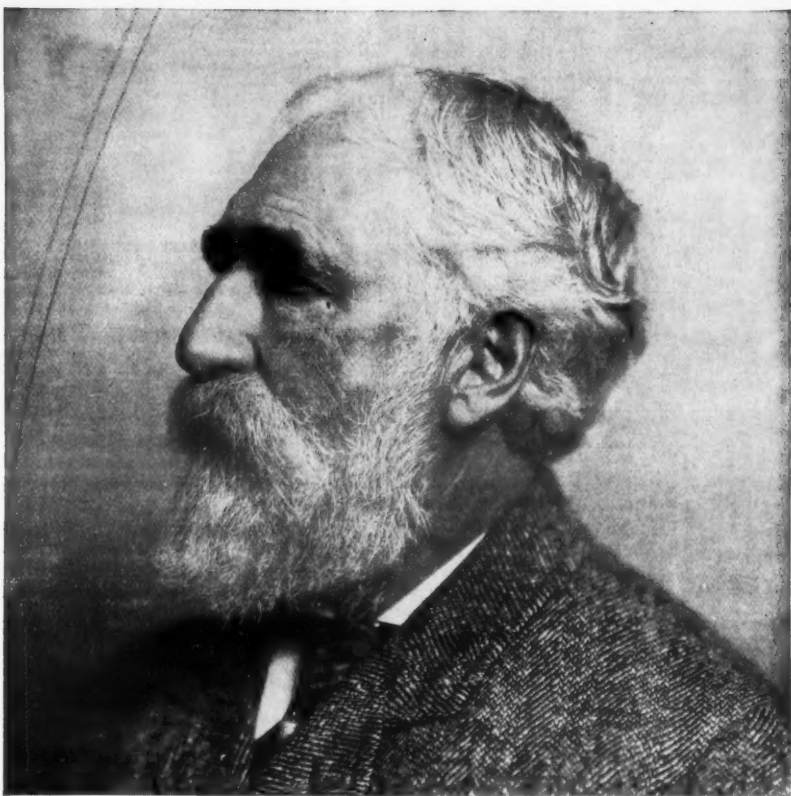
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